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Volume CXCVII No. 2575 The SPHERE, London, June 11, 1949

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

A FULL-DRESS REHEARSAL FOR CELEBRATING THE KING'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY—THE GUARDS PREPARE FOR LAST THURSDAY'S CEREMONY ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE: The massed march-past when the salute was taken by Major-General J. C. O. Marriot, G.O.C. London District. Large crowds had flocked to see the rehearsal and to observe the "stand-ins" for the Royal Family. On the previous day, the first day of the Brigade of Guards' return to full dress, hundreds of spectators had been disappointed by the postponement of the rehearsal owing to rain

In order to avoid a similar occurrence to last year, when Trooping the Colour was postponed owing to a forecast of rain, and when great crowds of sight-seers were disappointed, the War Office this year made special arrangements for the ceremony. Had the weather proved to be unfavourable last Thursday, when the Trooping in honour of the King's birthday was arranged for 11 a.m., the ceremony would have been postponed until later hours, or if necessary until the day following. At this year's ceremony arrangements were made for the King, who is still convalescing from his illness, to make his inspection from a carriage, drawn round the parade. Trooping the Colour, England's most brilliant display of military pageantry, has gradually evolved from the day when the Pope blessed the Standard which William the Conqueror bore at Hastings. It was not, however, until more modern times that the present ceremony came into being

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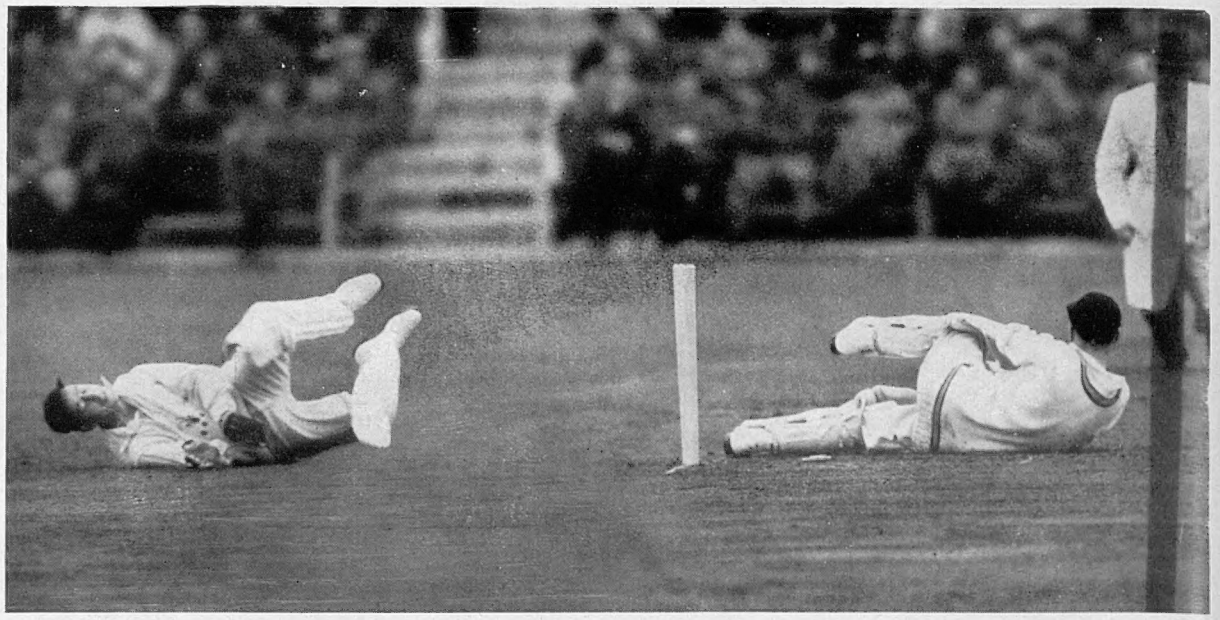
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Autumn Election ?—The more the Conservative leaders assure their organisations that an autumn election this year is more than probable, the more do the Socialists ridicule so foolish a rumour. Lord Woolton is right in stressing that there is no time to lose. Years, not months or weeks, must go to the preparations for a General Election so important, for, even if the programme on which the Conservatives will fight it cannot be concreted unalterably until the eve of the campaign, the local and central organisations which will carry out the logistics of it cannot be too well oiled and revved up. Lord Woolton bases his prophecy of a 1949 election on more than the need for preparation and perfection of his machine. He argues that the Socialists would be mad to defer it to the appointed end in 1950, because every month their economic sins are finding them out and their boasts of the prosperity they have brought to the country grow thinner. But for the charity of America (said he), already we should have 2,000,000 unemployed. Be that as it may (and our ears are deafened by the Homeric laughter of the men in power at these childish jeremiads), we are already in the long hours of darkness before the dawn of election day. And very dark it is. I would rather forecast the next winner of the National than the next Prime Minister. The political and economic situation to-day is hard enough to assess in terms of pro or con Socialism. By autumn or the spring of 1950, every single item in the situation may be transformed—for worse or better. But the men and machines of the rival armies need plenty of bayonet practice and oil.

Trades Unions at the Cross-roads.—I have sometimes listened to the old argument that Labour's victory in 1945 was in one indisputable way a *good thing* for the country and Conservatism. The indiscipline which war always breeds in less balanced minds would have made Government impossible for a Conservative administration. It would have been wrecked inside six months by strikes and the general upheaval of industrial peace. Only a Labour Government, working hand in glove with the T.U.C., could steer our industrial machine and the nation into safer, calmer waters. Some such idea seems still to be in the minds of Mr. Morrison and other leading Socialists, and the proof of the pudding is offered by statistics comparing the hours lost by strikes during the two post-war periods. But what are the *facts* ? The combined forces of Government and T.U.s have constantly been defeated by a small band of undisciplined guerillas, and to-day, after vast measures of nationalisation which have removed none of the suspicion and grievances of the minority and been of no service to the public, the T.U.s have reached a dangerous cross-roads and the Government has grievously lost face in its internal administration. The doubters are by no means so sure that a Conservative Government would have handled the unofficial strike problem of the last years so badly. For one thing, it could not have handled it worse, for this deadly evil is not even scotched ; it grows, and it has brought the whole institution of T.U.s and collective bargaining into contempt. The Socialist heaven of the 1945 prospectus was 100 per cent. effective with the weaker-minded. " Ask and ye shall receive " brought in the voters, and no subsequent warnings or corrections have in the slightest degree modified in the minds of this minority the splendid opportunities the promise offered. The Conservative prospectus of 1945 was not so inspiring, but might have proved more convenient for a Government dealing with the strike issue. For at least it would not be estopped by its own words from using the only weapon which Stalins pay attention to. Times are changed in industry and England since the '20's, and Mr. Baldwin's reputation has declined. I have just read Sir Osbert Sitwell's disclosures concerning the secret history of the General Strike, and they are not very easy to disentangle from irrelevancy. But I can conceive that a day may be at hand when many T.U. leaders would welcome a little of Mr. Baldwin's " weakness and wobble " in dealing with a situation which threatens their very survival after five years of close co-operation with a Socialist Government.



WET WICKET CRICKET—HEVER COMES INTO COLLISION WITH WICKET-KEEPER BRENNAN AND BOTH FALL TO THE GROUND DURING THE NORTH *v.* SOUTH TEST TRIAL AT EDGBASTON : The first day's play was severely curtailed by rain, but even so eleven wickets fell, the South being dismissed for 85, and the North losing Brookes before the close. The play showed that Brennan is a first-class stumper, and it was shortly after this picture was taken that he stumped Hever brilliantly on the leg side. North made 250 to lead by 165 in the first innings of the match

Russian Enigma.—A bare fortnight after the lifting of the blockade had been heralded as a move towards peace and a triumph for Allied unity, faith, steadfastness and diplomacy, the situation in Berlin was judged to be worse than in the worst of the blockade. No trains were coming in and the air-lift was threatened with new and intolerable interference. It seemed that Mr. Bevin's triumph was short-lived, " peace for 200 years " an over-statement, and the fine fruits of the air-lift still to be reaped and the medals to be won. More than that, the Paris Conference had reached what looked like the usual deadlock when after a week of irrelevancies the Western Powers put out in detail their plan for Germany's future. As it is entirely *their* plan, Mr. Vyshinsky is not likely to " examine " it very sympathetically. (Nor did he.) We all ask : Why, then, did Russia lift the blockade ? It simply cannot have been a nasty schoolboy's bad joke—*Sucks to you.* Yet the tail-twisting regarding the land and air communications are exactly as of old—excuses and " technical reasons " and " normal manœuvres," which deceive no one. Is there an explanation ? It cannot be that the Russians, starved by our counter-blockade, could make good their deficiencies in vital products in a couple of vanloads. It cannot be a propaganda point, now successfully made. For in Paris, so far, the Russians have patently revealed a bankruptcy of statesmanlike ideas. What we glimpse reasonably clearly in this fog is that our counter-blockade hit Russia where she can feel pain. I hope we shall remember and reapply that tested weapon before we have been guyed and fooled for many weeks. To employ the conventions of civilised diplomacy with these Russians is an invitation to be fooled. Poor Mr. Bevin. For him, it must be the bitterness of death.

Oil Pollution.—Many interests must be worried over the question of pollution, by oil waste, of the shores and estuaries of these islands—those, especially, concerned with our supplies of fish, with our sea-birds and with the amenity of our beaches in summer. I can speak from grim experience of the last. On the South Coast, at any rate, the beaches are almost intolerable for bathing, sunbathing, lounging or even walking, and a boiler-suit (and a very ancient one at that) is the only economic beach wear if a woman or man has the slightest concern for their clothes. Glutinous tar and oil cover almost every part, and nothing will remove the stickiness or the stains. Many a devoted bather or shore lover has abandoned a great pleasure in disgust. The effects of oil pollution on marine life are known to be bad. The pollution is rapidly killing the vegetation inshore and in estuaries on which the local fish feed, and the harvest of the sea round our coast is falling away, to the loss of the nation and a very ancient and vital industry. Bird-lovers have given enough evidence to show the destruction and misery caused to sea-birds which come in contact with the scum. It is no new problem. It is a problem for all maritime nations. The trouble is to find an effective remedy. It is not enough to warn international shipping, or to make world-wide regulations forbidding the discharge of oil waste within 50 or 100 miles of a coast. It is not enough to insist on the recording in ships' logs of the point of discharge. The first rule will be often disregarded, the second easily faked. The mariner, as often as not, " couldn't care less." He does not bathe, he does not worry about home supplies of fish, and he is not particularly interested in rare birds. There is no authority who can deter him from discharging his waste wherever and whenever it suits his routine. It is one of those curses of scientific progress which we must endure till all the seas run dry.

Open to the Public.—In the last weeks four more great English houses have been opened to the public on certain days at a fee—usually 2s. 6d. Longleat, Knowsley, Castle Ashby and Sutton Place. All are of great interest architecturally and all contain works of art entitling them to rank as museums and picture galleries of high degree. Longleat received enormous free publicity and the first returns were eminently satisfactory. Lord Bath does not indeed at present live in Longleat, but the upkeep of fabric and the well-being of the contents of such huge empty houses goes on and may indeed be almost as heavy as when the house is inhabited. What the public subscribes to view these palaces goes towards those costs of fabric repair, heating and caretaking. There is no other way but to keep the galleries warm, aired and tight so long as they contain works of art in furniture, pictures, and so forth. Nay, even the fixtures, mouldings, panelling, fireplaces, ceilings, demand that care, and no private purse can henceforth meet the cost. London's clubs are benefiting by offering hospitality to large and famous canvases from some of these great houses, but that does not affect the problem I have stated. It is not in order to be able to live in their ancestral homes that many owners are turning them into museums on certain days of the week. No amount of " voluntary contribution " can make that possible, for the servant question is as much the crux as finance. It is to keep fabric and contents from ruin that this " museumising " is necessary. Can England be surfeited with museums ? That will be the next problem, but it will not arise yet ; not until the public's avid curiosity to see how these noblemen lived in the days of privilege is sated. It is not so much the Gainsboroughs and the Grinling Gibbonses that the public gapes at. It is a distant prospect of his Grace's boot cupboard and my lady's dressing-table which the tourist pines to see

The London Mission.—I wish to record a note on the success of the London Mission. The Bishop and all his co-operators have expressed their satisfaction in the response, and estimate that 1,000,000 people at least recognised its importance by attendance and contributions of various kinds. Other dioceses plan similar fortnights. All sorts of methods were employed to bring religion back into the lives of all sorts and conditions, the methods of Moody and Sankey not excepted. The Mission found its way into pubs and factories, and, better still, parochial boundaries were eliminated and rival churches worked together for good. Alike for the clergy and for their lay helpers, the success of the Mission was heartening in the extreme. And no doubt at all, modern methods of publicity are needed in this mighty mission, and orthodoxy must stand aside. That has been the experience of all revivalists whose missions have succeeded for short or long periods. Yet there is a limit to unorthodoxy, and the practice of criticising individuals from the pulpit for their failure to attend church is perhaps an example from Warwick not to be followed. Another example given from the pulpit of St. Paul's was sound in theory but might be embarrassing in practice. Canon Collins called on artists to enrich and beautify St. Paul's with their best work. The trouble there is that one man's best work is another man's poison, and can create a typhoon in a tea-cup, as P.R.A. Munnings found.

THE OLD STAGER

NO. 10000 LEAVES EUSTON PULLING THE "ROYAL SCOT": The experimental Diesel-electric locomotive was the first of its type to haul a major express train, and the train was the heaviest ever run non-stop from London to Glasgow. The 401¼ miles were covered in 8 hours, 22 mins. and 55 secs., the fastest time since the war. A member of the Railway Executive stated that between 80 and 90 minutes could have been knocked off the time. No. 10000 made its first public appearance in December 1947, after its assembly at the new Diesel workshops at Derby. The latest test was its most severe, when it pulled a train of sixteen coaches weighing 520 tons. Up Shap Fell its speed never fell below 33 m.p.h., and on the 10-mile climb to Beattock Summit, 5½ minutes were knocked off the schedule of 22 minutes—a performance equalling the best ever achieved with a train of similar weight. Diesel-electric locomotives cost four times as much as steam locomotives of equal power. When coupled, Diesel units give more than twice the tractive power normally used on the London to Glasgow run

A DIESEL PULLS THE "ROYAL SCOT"

CHURCHILL RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF KENSINGTON

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL OUTSIDE THE KENSINGTON TOWN HALL AFTER RECEIVING THE HONORARY FREEDOM OF THE ROYAL BOROUGH OF KENSINGTON. He is the second person to receive the freedom of Kensington, the first being the late Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll. Behind Mr. Churchill is the Mayor of Kensington, Councillor J. H. Huxley. In presenting the scroll of the freedom to Mr. Churchill, Councillor Huxley explained that the wood for the baton in which it was contained was a gift from the Burgomaster and people of Blindheim (Blenheim), in Bavaria. Mr. Churchill, speaking in his reply of the friendly and courteous gesture of the Germans, said that he had always hoped that a time would be reached when old feuds would die; and that no united Europe could rise without the loyal aid of the German race. He had a growing hope that we might avert for ever the "horrible vision of a third world war," and said "That rolling away of those dark oppressions and clouds from the minds of men is the prize—the only prize—which can reward the valiant efforts of our generation; and with unity, vigilance and unswerving purpose, I believe that that priceless treasure may still be gained"

MR. CHURCHILL RECEIVES THE SCROLL OF FREEDOM OF THE ROYAL BOROUGH FROM THE MAYOR OF KENSINGTON: The scroll was contained in a baton (a replica of the Captain-General's baton carried by John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough), which was made from 200-year-old walnut taken from a tree near the site of Blenheim

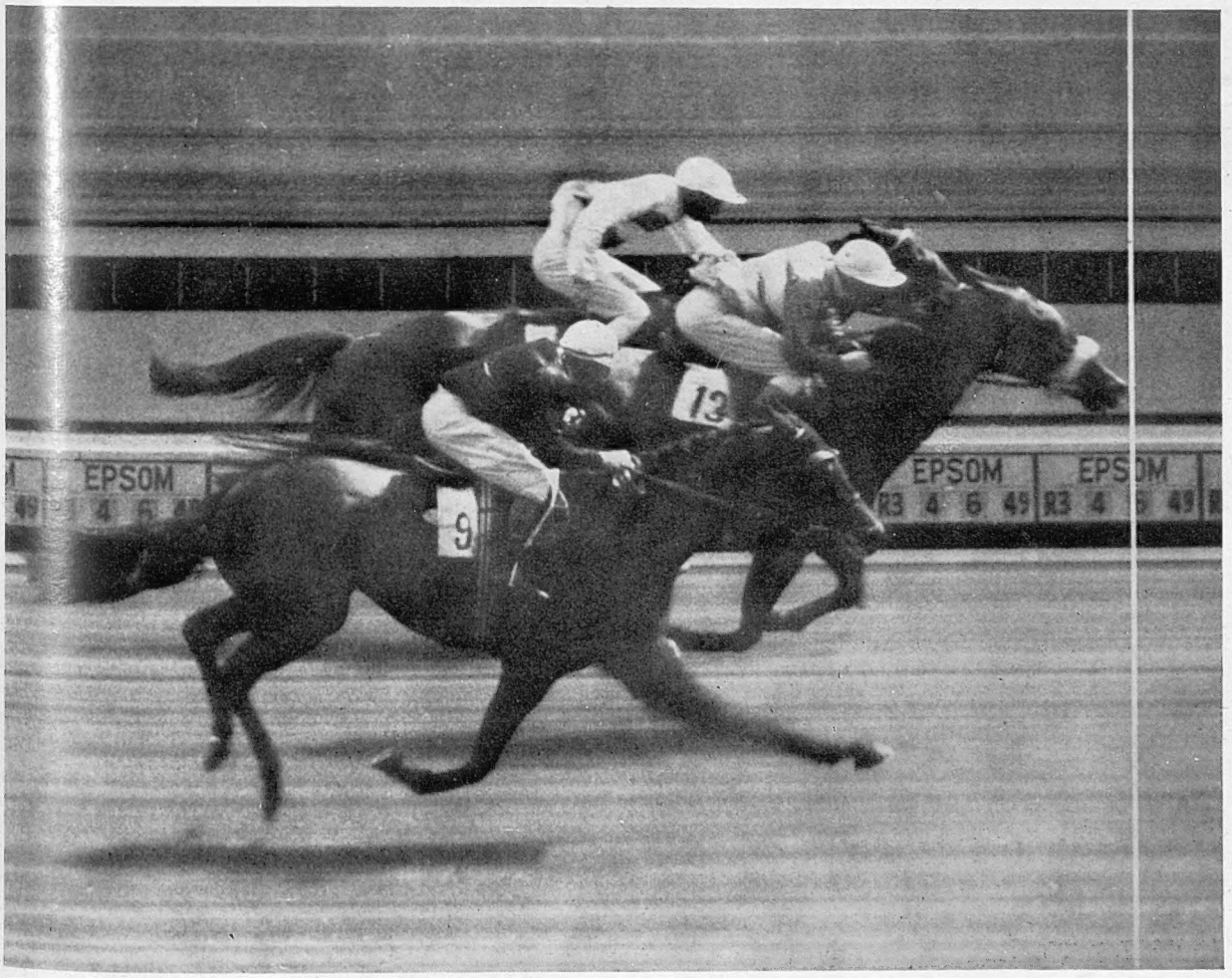
THE "RELIANCE" DISASTER

CALM AT KING'S CROSS

THE MISSING KETCH "RELIANCE" FOUND ON THE ROCKS AT PORTLAND BILL: She is seen lodged bow-first in a cavern under the cliffs near Portland Bill after being missing for over a fortnight. The ketch *Reliance*, for which look-out had been kept all round the coast since she was reported missing from Fleetwood, Lancashire, has now been found on the rocks near Portland Bill, Dorset. The vessel was jammed fast in a cavern 70 ft. deep. The *Reliance* left Fleetwood more than a fortnight ago, with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davison on board, after they had spent two years on preparing her for a trip to an "island paradise" in the South Seas. Coastguards who went down a 40-ft. rope ladder over the cliffs to search the ketch found ration books in the names of Frank Davison and Margaret Davison. Mrs. Davison had already clambered ashore. She said: "We decided to stay on board the *Reliance* when the weather hit us, but got into the float as a safety measure. My husband said: 'We won't leave her until she breaks up.' Then the mast and everything went." They saw the lifeboat but were swept out to sea again. Mr. Davison was drowned

WHIT-SUNDAY TRAVELLERS PACE THE PLATFORM OF STRIKE-BOUND KING'S CROSS: This was the third successive Sunday of the strike on the East Coast main-line, London to Scotland route. The Sunday strike by engine-drivers and firemen—protesting against working "lodging-away-from-home shifts"—continued over the Whitsun holiday. Thousands of day-trippers who wished to take advantage of the fine weather on the Sunday morning were disappointed when it was announced that twenty-eight excursion trains had been cancelled—other trippers waited in vain on station platforms in the hope that some trains would be run. The Railway Executive may, if the strikes continue, decide to close down the whole East Coast route on Sundays, which would mean a loss of pay for the non-striking staff concerned, who would have to be sent home for the day

THE FIELD ROUNDS TATTENHAM CORNER, WITH NIMBUS AND SWALLOW TAIL IN THE LEAD: At this stage in the race Gordon Richards, on Royal Forest, was lying third, followed by Targui. Rae Johnstone, on Amour Drake, had yet to make the great run which brought him within a head of winning. Nimbus led through most of the race, occasionally headed by Swallow Tail, but both were tiring as they neared the post for one of the most exciting finishes ever



THE PHOTO-FINISH: The winner, Nimbus, is seen in the centre, with Amour Drake in the background, and Swallow Tail in the foreground. Nimbus and Swallow Tail were tiring as they neared the post: they came together, then both rolled to the right, baulking Rae Johnstone on Amour Drake, who made a split-second decision to come through on the rails. He finished so fast that he was a neck in front of the others a stride past the post

THE PHOTO-FINISH DERBY

Nimbus Beats Amour Drake by a Head

The 170th renewal of the Derby Stakes provided one of the most thrilling finishes in the history of horse-racing. The richest Derby ever run (£14,245 went to owner, breeder, trainer and jockey) was the first in which the photo-finish was used. A large field of thirty-two came under starter's orders, Ugongo having caught his leg in some rails on the way to the post and lamed himself. Nimbus and Swallow Tail appeared to have the race to themselves coming down the hill, but the French horse Amour Drake came with a great run, to finish second, a head in front of Swallow Tail and a head behind Nimbus. Nimbus is owned by Mrs. Glenister, wife of a barrister-farmer, who bought the horse from William Hill for 5,000 guineas at the Newmarket July Sales of 1947, and who had made a present of him to his wife. The winner was ridden by E. C. Elliott and brought him his third Derby; the others being on Call Boy in 1927, and on Bois Roussel in 1938. Gordon Richards, on Royal Forest (who started the race as favourite at 9 to 2), was again unlucky. He was badly drawn, but Royal Forest's failure was probably due to nerves and he finished fourth. Nimbus was trained by G. Colling and is by the Italian-bred sire Nearco. On the day following the race M. Leon Volterra, the owner of Amour Drake, died of a heart attack

MILLS AND WOODCOCK TAKE THE RING : The cruiserweight champion of the world was defeated by the British, European and Empire heavyweight champion in the fourteenth of the fifteen-round contest at White City. The match was one of the greatest of the century and Mills went down five times before the final knock-out. Mills, who weighed 12 st. 7½ lb., was giving away 20 lb. to his rival, but reach as well as weight was against him

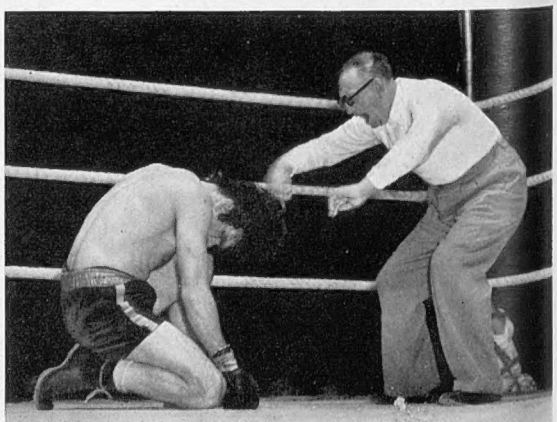
THE BIG FIGHT

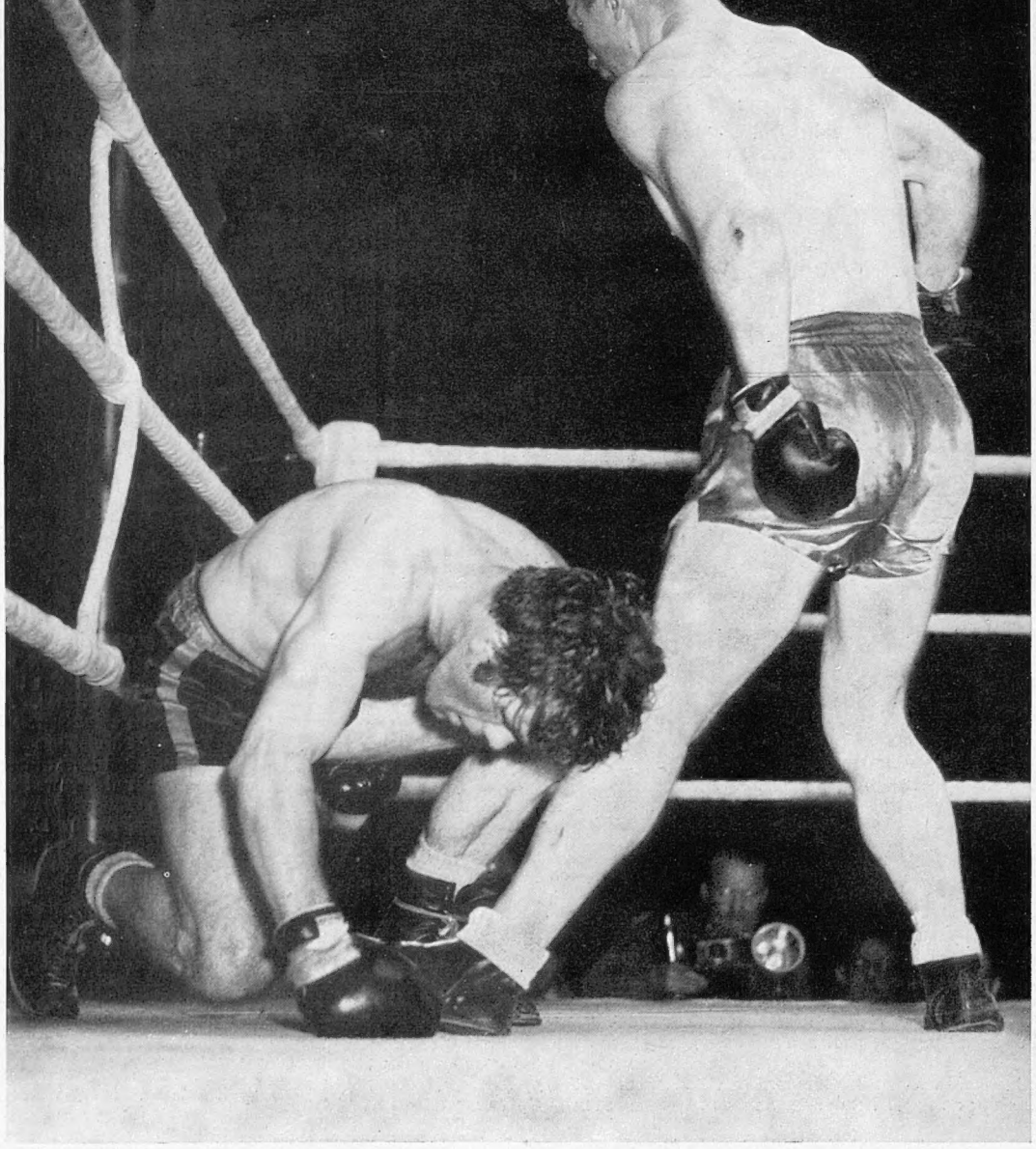
BRUCE WOODCOCK RETAINS HIS TITLES IN A GREAT FIGHT WITH FREDDIE MILLS

The big fight at White City provided some of the finest boxing seen in this country for many years. It went to the fourteenth of a fifteen-round contest when Bruce Woodcock knocked out Freddie Mills, holder of the world cruiser-weight championship. Woodcock had the advantage of weight and reach and his superior defence and stamina won the day. Mills took terrific punishment but attacked until the last moments when he weakened. He went down no fewer than five times before the final count.

MILLS LANDS ANOTHER ONE : This powerful right was landed in the first round. Freddie Mills began with a strong attack but, later in the round, went down for a count of two from a blow behind the ear

FREDDIE MILLS ATTACKS IN ROUND FOUR : He is landing a left to Woodcock's jaw. Woodcock's left was used defensively against Mills's powerful attacks

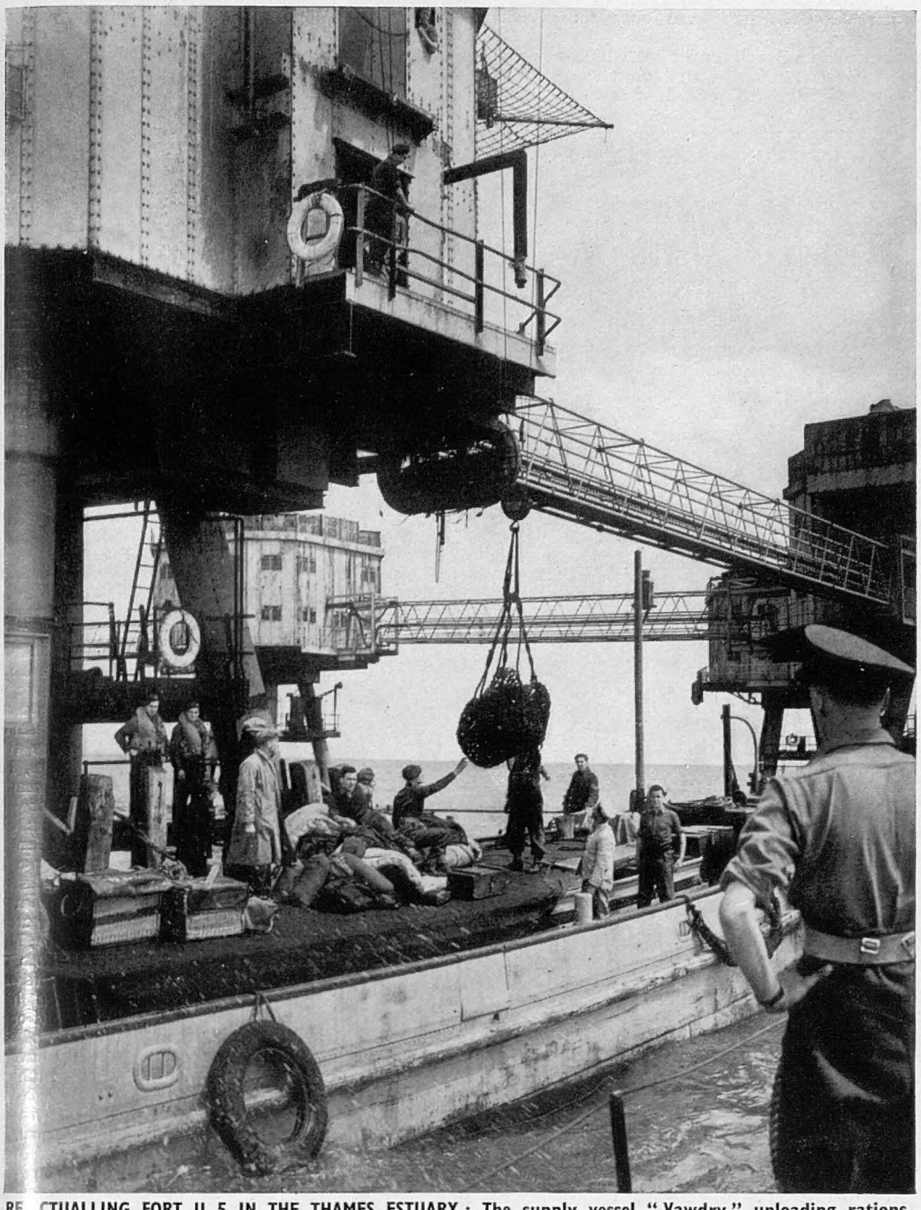




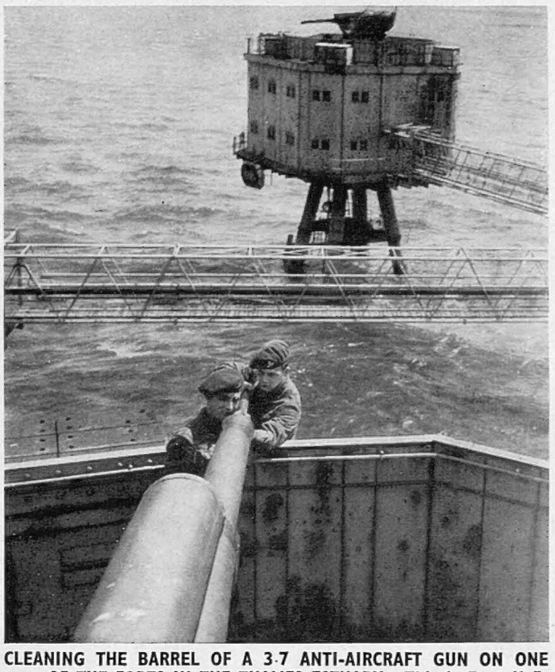
FREDDIE MILLS GOES DOWN FOR THE KNOCK-OUT : *On left*—The final blow, a powerful right, has been landed and Mills, tired and dazed, goes down. *On right*—Referee Sam Russell counts Mills out in the final moments of the greatest heavyweight contest in this country for many years. By winning the match, Bruce Woodcock has qualified to meet Lee Savold in a world championship contest. Mills's manager, Ted Broadribb, stated that if Woodcock repeated his form against Mills, he would bring the world title back to this country for the first time since Bob Fitzsimmons lost it to Jim Jeffries in 1899

THE GUNNERS LIVE AT SEA

MANNING THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FORTS IN THE THAMES ESTUARY



RE CTUALLING FORT U 5 IN THE THAMES ESTUARY: The supply vessel "Vawdry" unloading rations, which are carried up to the galley in a net. During the war these anti-aircraft forts played a vital role in stopping German bombers from flying up the centre of the Thames estuary at just sufficient altitude to be out of range of the A.A. guns on the Kent and Essex shores. The guns at U 5 are 3·7's with an accurate ceiling of 30,000 ft. or more; and Bofors 20-mm.



CLEANING THE BARREL OF A 3·7 ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN ON ONE OF THE FORTS IN THE THAMES ESTUARY: This is Fort U 5, standing about six miles out to sea. The men occupy the forts on tours of duty lasting for a fortnight at a time

As the Battle of Britain developed and new and better equipment came upon the scene, Britain's anti-aircraft gunners became a mighty force in the defence of our cities, and finally the record of the men and women of the service in downing the dreaded flying bomb, often achieving 90 per cent. kills in a night of continuous firing, betokened not only the efficiency of radar, of sympathetic fuses, and of No. 9 predictors, but their own collective mastery of complicated drills. In the defence of London the forts in the Thames estuary played a vital role, keeping the raiders up where the fighters could get at them, and hitting the flying bombs (launched at sea) as they came straight up the estuary towards the heart of Dockland. The forts are still maintained, as these pictures show, and the sergeant and his men who do duty there in fortnightly spells, say that on the whole they like the life, even if it does smack of permanent C.B. There are extra rations for all, but because their keel is on the bottom they get no rum issue. Doubtless even this would be forthcoming in the event of an emergency or of an ultra-cold spell in winter

THE REVICTUALLING SHIP "VAWDRY" APPROACHES FORT U 5 IN THE THAMES ESTUARY: This general view of the forts shows the command post and general living quarters situated in the centre, and the gun emplacements which are connected with the command post by a series of catwalks. The guns fired from these forts are either radar operated or predictor controlled, being able to fire at seen and unseen targets. They are also capable of low-angle fire and, using armour-piercing shot, could engage hostile ships attempting to enter the Thames estuary. At the moment the equipment is maintained by a sergeant and a crew of eleven men, whose task it is to keep the guns in good order and resistant to the sea's corrosion. The forts can be clearly seen from Southend

THE WASHINGTON "MERRY-GO-ROUND"

High-Powered Journalism and its Influence Upon Politics

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE late James Forrestal had tightly-compressed, thin lips, and a jaw that jutted. Once, when Secretary of the Navy, he glared around the Cabinet table in the White House, and rasped out: "Are we talking for this room, or for Pearson?" Had he a colleague, or colleagues, in mind? He may well have had, since war and post-war secrets of the first consequence had been known to leak into the notorious *Washington Merry-Go-Round* column.

In due course the remark got around to Drew Pearson, and it started a Pearson-Forrestal feud. This meant the columnist was always gunning for the Secretary, who ascended near to the top of Pearson's list of enemies. It meant that when Mr. Forrestal became Secretary of Defence and had the most fateful job in the Government, a task affecting the whole course of the "cold" war, the feud was never for a day laid aside by the pursuing Pearson, who felt that his mission had been smeared.

It meant that when Forrestal broke down, the attacks assumed their cruellest form.

The Russians and their well-wishers delighted in the mental eclipse of their most formidable opponent. The Column fed them with the tastiest morsels—such as that the ex-Secretary's hallucinations on one occasion sent him rushing into the street in his pyjamas, proclaiming that the Russians had invaded America.

The feud ended only with the jump from the sixteenth floor of the Navy hospital in the capital, but there came a sequel when Pearson filed a £62,500 libel suit against Columnist Westbrook Pegler, after Pegler had blamed Forrestal's suicide on Pearson's personal attacks.

The tragic end of "a disinterested first-rater" has raised several issues in Washington. That Mr. Forrestal had to spend so much time proving to Congress that he was not subversive or worse; that finely-tempered public servants are ruthlessly cast aside by the play of party politics; that there is no swapping of Government posts when a man becomes stale; that "the meannesses of the keyhole world of Washington" are tolerated.

Something of what happened to Mr. Forrestal after he had been allowed to go, in March, has been aptly retrieved from Mr. Churchill's own description of the effects of his leaving the Admiralty in 1915:

"The change from the intense executive activities of each day's work at the Admiralty . . . left me gasping. Like a seabeast fished up from the depths, or a diver too suddenly hoisted, my veins threatened to burst from the fall in pressure. I had great anxiety and no means of relieving it. . . . I had long hours of utterly unwonted leisure in which to contemplate the frightful unfolding of the war."

Very fortunately for a great many people, Mr. Churchill did not have to struggle at the same time with the American phenomenon of the high-powered columnist.

How much or how little Mr. Forrestal may have been affected by the ultimate feuding, is for the American Courts to say. But we in Europe are assuredly entitled to examine this American phenomenon, since the startling latitude it is allowed can compromise so much. One has but to note the complete contrast in Moscow, where not a single thing that the men of the Politburo would not like, is ever published.

How very different in Washington. Some while ago the magazine *Time* declared that Washington and Pearson "were made for each other. Nowhere else could he operate as effectively, because nowhere else are there so many feudists out to get the people higher up, or those of different political faith. Often the stories the schemers give him are true. Pearson, to his credit, prints them, regardless of whom the truth will hurt. But he has also written stories which are both untrue and damaging."

If not the most hurtful, the untruest tale was certainly the "disclosure" that U.S. troops had sired 14,000 illegitimate children in Japan at a time when the G.I.s had been only six months in that country.

The American phenomenon of the high-powered columnist who can move around with the prestige of a Cabinet Minister and afford to snub the most sought-after of beauties, has its mainsprings in the national craving for publicity—good or bad, so long as it 's publicity—and the libel laws which absolve attackers if the facts are shown to be as they stated. "The greater the truth, the greater the libel" does not run, apparently.

In sixteen years, Drew Pearson has been sued eight times for a total of £6,000,000. Yet he boasts he hasn't paid on a single judgment. His lawyers' fees are immense. With a gross income of £80,000 a year, and insurance, he can afford them. But he never dodges going to court if he knows he is right in his facts. Once shown he is wrong, he retracts with all speed, and is even profuse with apologies. The so-called hip-shooting columnist is now big business. He may have a staff of ten or a dozen installed in office suites. An immense amount of filing and card-indexing have to be done, so that all the "dope" can be immediately available on anyone from the President to the latest torch singer. Telephones are constantly ringing and many of the callers are anonymous. Some of the spiciest stuff comes anonymously and then it is for the "legmen" to go out and check up.

The remarkable thing is that these aids of the big man are not in any way looked upon as pariahs. It is known that they offer bribes, that they have tipsters inside "strategical" homes and offices, that they are not above paying despicable characters to secure first-hand information about so-and-so's moral delinquencies; it matters not.

Even the usual hard-boiled Pressmen don't appear to mind having the whole principle of off-the-record conferences jeopardised by the high-powered columnist who declines to attend himself—the very idea of *not* printing something worthy of being kept secret!—but instructs his "legmen" to procure what has passed, from correspondents who have attended.

Meanwhile, the big man himself is moving in a far more rarefied atmosphere. He has his reserved table at the smartest restaurant, and there prominent men and women will pay him homage—either in the hope of getting something favourable about themselves into the Column, or keeping something out of it. Or there is the person out to "knock" a political or private enemy. The American phenomenon listens. He is running a vast underground system of *aux écoutes*, and this is the cream: when it is served up voluntarily by someone who thereafter will be in his power. It doesn't seem to matter what trouble may be made, or hurt, or harm. If the big man feels he is on to something, if something smells wrong to him, he is out on the trail.

The high-powered columnist of 1949 is part vigilante, part crusader, both self-constituted. One well-known examplar actually speaks of himself as "the conscience of government." One naturally has to ask: is American official and public life so contaminated that the post of public fumigator is necessary? The answer seems to be that it is. While some leaders, like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman, have castigated the more intrusive and unscrupulous columnists, others, like General Marshall, have found a use for "investigatory journalists." The General once called Pearson "one of my best inspectors-general," meaning that he, Marshall, got information from the *Merry-Go-Round*, which his own high-ranking aids denied him.

Weighing the pros and cons, *Time* has this to say of the American newspaper phenomenon: "A brand of ruthless, theatrical, crusading, high-voltage, hypodermic journalism . . . it is the kind of journalistic vigilance that keeps small men honest, and forces bigger men to work in an atmosphere of caution and frequently cramps their style. Many an official lives in constant fear of having the more delicate operations of diplomacy upset by premature or partial disclosures."

We, at a distance, deplore the circumstances of a Forrestal's end. We can hardly be expected to sympathise with Americans whose lives are ruined or compromised by the disclosures of men who could easily be restricted in their sensation-mongering and gossip-peddling. What we can feel worried about is the ever-present risk of leakage of vital information to the benefit of the other side in the "cold" war.

It is bad enough to have the facts of an Allied case distorted in print and on the air by men with audiences running into scores of millions.

One or two high-powered American columnists must be best caviare and vodka to the Russians, for the way in which they mercilessly dissect their own society in the guise of cleansing it. Can there be fellow-travellers among them? Can it happen here?

Lord Beaverbrook thinks the next big journalistic change will be a growth of the political columnist. Well, he will not be able to sail in and out of the law of libel, as his phenomenal opposite may do in America. It may yet be necessary, however, to curb a tendency to publish details of the private lives of people who have no desire for publicity.

Even in publicity-crazed America, individuals are beginning to resent inroads on their self-respect and privacy. Miss Teresa Wright left Sam Goldwyn rather than go and show herself, as a film-selling stunt, to all and sundry in New York. A second feminine pioneer is Marion Carpenter, who poured a plate of soup over Tris Coffin, Washington columnist, in the Senate dining-room, because she disliked something he wrote about her.

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF MR. LEWIS DOUGLAS—THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR FULFILS HIS FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT SINCE HIS EYE OPERATION: Mr. Douglas is seen in the procession from St. Margaret's to Westminster Abbey during the ceremonies on American Memorial Day. Mr. Douglas's daughter, Sharman, is seen on the left

TROOPS and TANKS OFF TO HONG KONG

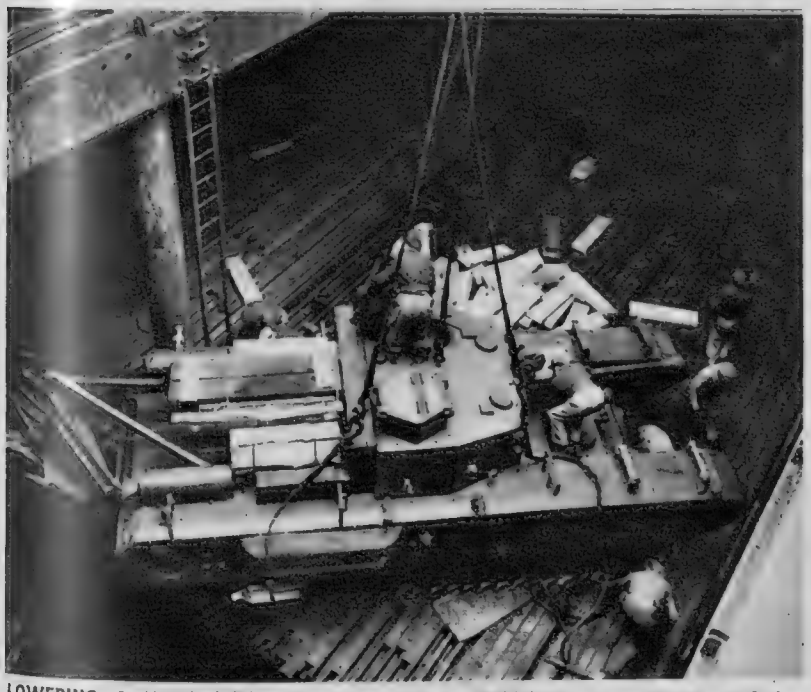
Britain Prepares for the Defence of Her Far-Eastern Crown Colony

LOADING A TANK AT THE LONDON DOCKS: Bridge-carrying tanks and radio-equipped scout cars were among the equipment put aboard as Squadron "B" of the Royal Tank Regiment prepared to leave for Hong Kong. The squadron has been brought above strength and formed into a self-contained fighting unit for its service in the Far East. The men of the unit are travelling in the troopship "Dilwara"

At the time of writing there is a general movement of land, sea and air forces towards Hong Kong. The Leicestershire Regiment, "B" Squadron of the Royal Tank Regiment, and the 1st Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment are among the Army reinforcements sent out to defend the Crown Colony should an emergency arise, while the cruiser *Jamaica* and other warships, and a squadron of Spitfires complete the defensive picture. Mr. A. V. Alexander, Britain's Defence Minister, has announced his intention of flying to Hong Kong to inspect the defences. While Britain is preparing her defences the Communist armies continue their irresistible advance in China, but with Nanking and Shanghai in their hands they have administrative problems of a high order before them, and their invasion of South China, with all that it involves and their arrival at the gates of the leased territories of Hong Kong, is not expected just yet.

GOING ABOARD THE "DILWARA" AT SOUTHAMPTON: Men of "A" Platoon of the 27th Company of the Royal Army Service Corps climbing the gangway as they set out with 2,000 troops, most of them Hong Kong bound. There were also reliefs for Salonika and reinforcements for Singapore

MARCHING ALONG THE QUAYSIDE AT SOUTHAMPTON: Men of the 1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders seen before embarking in the troopship "Dilwara." They formed part of the Hong Kong contingent carried in the troopship



LOWERING A TANK INTO THE HOLD OF A FREIGHTER AT LONDON DOCKS: The hold already contained a heavy cargo of metal rails, and this formed a good base for the armoured vehicles that had to go on top

TROOPS OF THE 3RD ROYAL TANK REGIMENT LEAVE BOVINGTON CAMP: Led by Major D. C. F. Chute, and watched by wives and sweethearts, the men set out for Southampton to join the "Dilwara" sailing for Hong Kong

THE POPE PROCLAIMS THE HOLY YEAR

The Celebrations to Begin on Christmas Eve, 1949

The coming Holy Year, the twenty-fourth of the series which began in 1300, will open on December 24 next and will close a year later. The proclamation of the Holy Year so far in advance of the date of its commencement is in accordance with ancient tradition, which began when communications with distant countries were scanty and slow and the Papal couriers took much time to reach the distant centres of the Roman Catholic world.

At a simple ceremony in the Throne Room of the Vatican the Pope handed the Papal Bull, setting out the aims of the Holy Year, to the Dean of the College of Apostolic Protonotaries, and through him it was conveyed to the four Basilicas of Rome and will in due course be distributed to every congregation in every land.

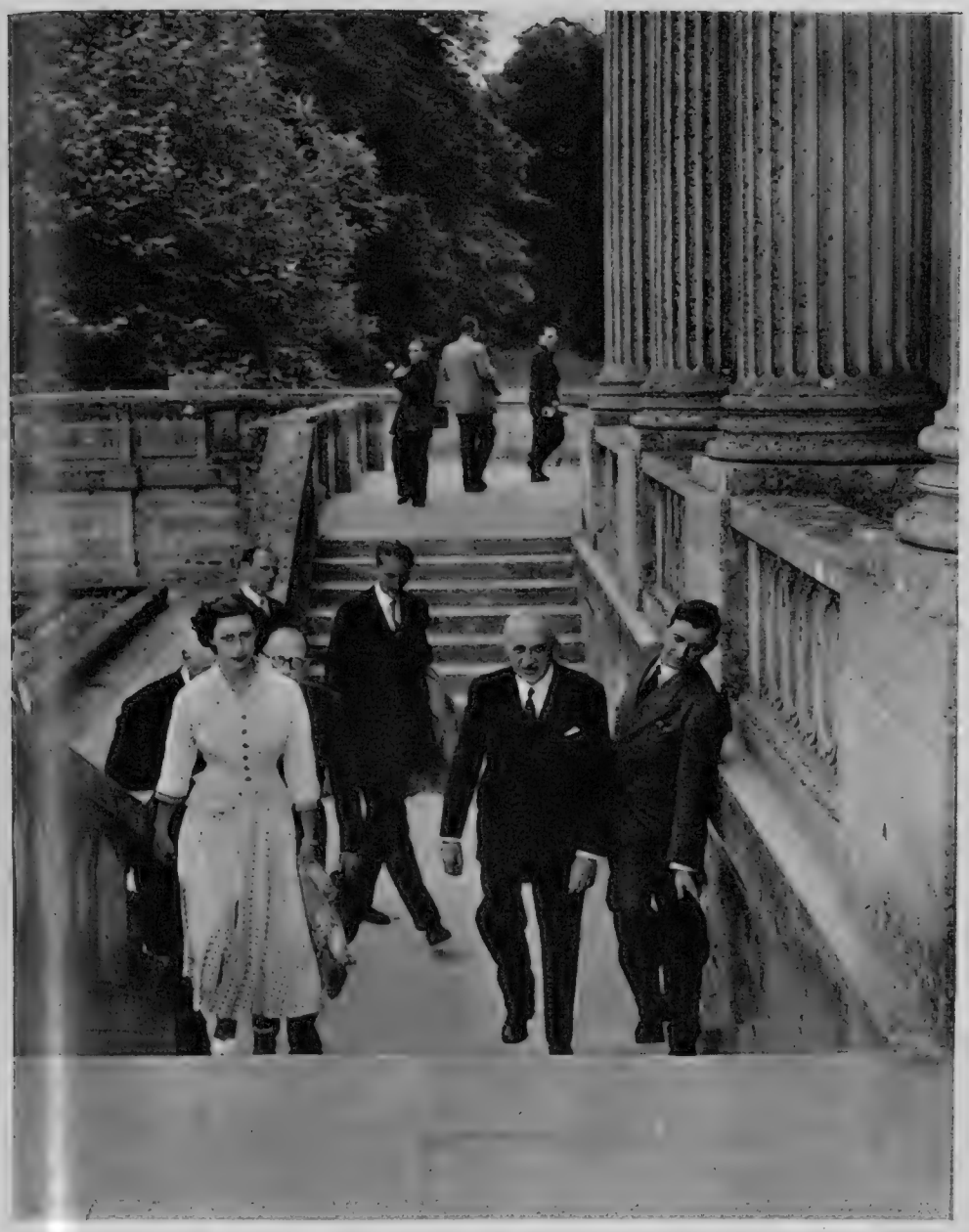
The purpose of the celebration, the Pontiff declares, is to induce all Christians to expiate their sins and to mend their lives. It is also intended to show the way to virtue and to eternal happiness. The Pope warned that pilgrims to Rome must seek to emulate the same religious fervour displayed in past centuries by the faithful who often came to Rome on foot.

THE POPE BLESSES THOSE PRESENT IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE VATICAN AFTER PROCLAIMING THE HOLY YEAR OF 1950: At the Pope's right hand, on the extreme left of the picture, is the Pontifical Chamberlain. Standing just in front of him, and also wearing glasses, is M. Carinci, Titular Archbishop of Seleucia in Isauria and Dean of the College of Apostolic Protonotaries. It was the Dean who read the Papal Bull before the holy door of St. Peter's

POPE PIUS HANDS THE PAPAL BULL PROCLAIMING THE HOLY YEAR TO M. CARINCI, WHO HAD IT CARRIED TO THE HOLY DOOR OF ST. PETER'S: Tens of thousands of the faithful gathered at the Basilica to hear the original reading. Copies of the document will now be distributed throughout the Roman Catholic world

IN THE PORTICO OF THE BASILICA OF "ST. PAUL'S WITHOUT THE WALLS": Here the Papal Bull was read by M. Giuseppe Calderani, an apostolic protonotary

THE PROCLAMATION CEREMONY AT ST. PETER'S, THE FIRST OF THE FOUR BASILICAS FROM WHICH THE DOCUMENT WAS READ: *Left*—The richly-engrossed document being carried into the Basilica. *Right*—The proclamation by M. Carinci. Incorporated in the Bull is a solemn warning that those who dare to subtract from or oppose the Papal document "will incur the wrath of the omnipotent God and of the Apostles Peter and Paul." This phrase is construed as referring in particular to Communist-dominated countries which might set obstacles in the path of pilgrims, many of whom may trek across Europe



AT THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES: The Princess engaged on her tour of the famous chateau, where she saw all the Royal apartments and was shown round the Grand Trianon and the Petit Trianon. The fountains played during her visit. The Royal party then drove to Bougival by the Seine for luncheon. In the afternoon, the Princess visited the Hertford British Hospital, and was conducted round the wards

PRINCESS MARGARET ENDS HER EUROPEAN TOUR

A Stay in Paris and a Visit to Versailles: Her Return to London by Plane

PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVES THE NIGHT CLUB "CHEZ FLORENCE": The Royal party spent the early hours of the morning at the club. The Princess was up early the following day for a semi-official visit to Versailles

Just before Whitsun, Princess Margaret returned to London after her tour through Italy, Switzerland, and France. The tour, which started in a blaze of publicity as the Princess was mobbed by vast crowds in Naples and pursued by photographers in Capri, took on a more educational note in Florence, where the Royal party saw the great art galleries in some detail, while during the last days in Paris there was a semi-official aspect to her visits to the Chateau of Versailles, where the Prefect of the Seine-et-Oise was there to receive her, and to the Hertford British Hospital, where she toured the wards. At the British Embassy in Paris, the Princess met M. Schuman, the Foreign Minister, and M. Pierre de Gaulle (brother of General de Gaulle), who is President of the Municipal Council of Paris.

A VISIT TO THE RIVE GAUCHE: Princess Margaret leaving La Perouse, celebrated restaurant on the Left Bank. During her stay in Paris the Princess met many prominent members of the British Community

RETURN TO LONDON: The Princess arriving at London Airport. She is followed by Major Harvey, the Queen's Private Secretary, who, with Lady Mary Harvey, accompanied the Princess throughout the tour to Italy, Switzerland and France

1. THE PAKISTAN PREMIER MEETS THE SHAH OF IRAN: Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan with H.M. Riza Shah during his week's visit to Teheran

2. HOLY NIGHT IN MALTA: The great torchlight procession of 70,000 pilgrims led by dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church at the close of the Marian Congress

FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

A SURVEY FROM THREE CONTINENTS

1. TWO LEADERS OF THE MIDDLE EAST CONFER: Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of the Dominion of Pakistan, paid a week's visit to Teheran on his way back to Karachi from the Commonwealth Conference in London. This picture was taken when the Shah and Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan conferred in the presence of the Persian military leaders. On Premier Liaqat Ali Khan's left hand is Marshal Ali Razmara, Chief of the General Staff of the Persian Army, and on the extreme right is Marshal Amir Ahmadi, the Persian War Minister.

2. A RED-LETTER DAY IN MALTA'S RELIGIOUS CALENDAR: The finish of the Roman Catholic Marian Congress on the island was a more spectacular event than ever this year, as 70,000 pilgrims joined in a torchlight procession and took part in a mass at the church of St. Plubius, Floriana. In this picture the procession is seen passing the illuminated statue of Christ in front of the Phœnix Hotel. On the hotel porch is the illuminated letter "M" for Mary.

3. INVESTIGATING THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN SHEEHY: In his house at Vlothe, near Herford, Westphalia, Sir John Sheehy, Assistant Financial Adviser to the British Military Governor in Germany, was shot by burglars at an early hour in the morning and he died almost immediately. British military police from the nearby British Military Headquarters immediately started a train of investigation, and offered a large reward for information. To help their task they exhibited outside the headquarters articles found at the scene of the crime. Exhibit A was a coat. This had been repaired. The police asked passers-by if they knew who had repaired the coat. A torch and a pair of pliers were among the other exhibits.

4 and 5. FEUDS IN ISTANBUL AND VIENNA: Exactly why Turkey's loss of a Soccer game in the Mediterranean competition at Athens should have produced such a violent outburst of anti-Greek sentiment it is hard to say, but certain it was that both in Istanbul and Izmar, on the west coast, Turks let it be known how bitterly they felt their defeat at the hands of the Greeks. One correspondent declared that it was the worst manifestation of anti-Greek sentiment in Istanbul for twenty-five years. Slightly easier to understand was the clash between Socialist and Roman Catholic student groups at the University of Vienna. This is the post-war revival of a feud that dates back to the end of the First World War. The disturbance began when Catholic students appeared at the University wearing the traditional caps and ribbons of the Catholic Students' Corps. The Senate, governing body of the University, had earlier forbidden the students to wear the special garb, which is traditional in Vienna on Ascension Day. The uniform had not been worn since 1938 when the Nazis took over Austria. The Catholic students are said to have the full backing of the

DR. BEEL'S SUCCESSOR LEAVES FOR INDONESIA: Dr. A. H. J. Lovink taking leave of a Dutch Government official before his departure from Amsterdam. It will be his task to implement the new agreement between the Netherlands and the Indonesian Republican

3. WANTED FOR MURDER: Exhibits placed in the street outside the British Military Headquarters, Westphalia, in an attempt to find information leading to the arrest of the murderer of Sir John Sheehy

4. TURKS RIOT OVER A SOCCER MATCH: A big demonstration in Istanbul protesting against Turkey's defeat by Greece in a game played in Athens

5. VIENNESE STUDENTS REVIVE AN OLD FEUD: Socialist and Roman Catholic students (the latter wearing their traditional caps) in a University battle

6. **SIGNALISING THE FORD STRIKE SETTLEMENT:** John S. Bugas (left), Vice-President of the Ford Motor Company, shaking hands with Walter Reuther at Detroit

7. **JOHN L. LEWIS SPEAKS HIS PIECE:** The President of the United Mineworkers' Union addressing the Southern Coal Producers' Association

Right Wing People's Party, the majority partner in Austria's Coalition Government.

6. THE £1,250,000-A-DAY STRIKE: For twenty-three days the world's biggest business has been paralysed by a strike which has cost the Ford Motor Company of Detroit £1,250,000 a day. At the end of that period silence reigned in every corner of the 1,196-acre plant at River Rouge, and the total loss of production was estimated at 65,000 vehicles in all. The basic issue behind the strike was "Who decides how hard a man shall work—the worker himself or the boss who pays him?" On a normal day's work long lines of overalled men stand quietly along the moving band while overhead carriers bring them the parts they need at mathematically-calculated intervals supposed to give them the time needed to complete their task. Whenever, however, there is a slight delay, when needed parts from some other part of the factory have not arrived, the assembly line being slowed down or stopped, it is always found that the firm speeds up for the rest of the day to regain the lost time. It was over that issue that the strike began. Hot-heads in the local union demanded a strike. It was no secret that Walter Reuther and his associates in the union's high command, who had nursed their new friendship with Ford and knew its value, did not want a strike. However, at the end of May all was settled when agreement was reached calling for a board of three to arbitrate the work speed-up issue. Each side will select one member for the board and these two chosen men will select the third. If they are unable to do so the third member automatically will become Dr. Harry Shulman Sterling, of Yale.

7. "OLD JOHN L." IS ON THE WARPATH AGAIN: The address by the President of the Mineworkers' Union in the ballroom at the West Virginian Hotel at Bluefield constituted the usual vigorous tongue-lashing directed at the Coal Producers' Association, and after that "John L." walked out, much to the delight of many mineworkers who packed the ballroom. On the following day the United Mineworkers' Journal hinted that Lewis was waiting for an industry-wide coal-wage bargaining conference. There were indications that a summer strike would be called.

8. DEPUTATION FROM KASHMIR: With the Head Lama, Kushak of Pitok Monastery, to lead them, Lamas emerged from their quiet Buddhist retreat at Pitok Monastery to visit New Delhi and have audience with Pandit Nehru, the Indian Premier. They had come to ask that their part of Kashmir be included in the Indian Union. They told the Prime Minister that it was the unanimous wish of the people of their valley for this step to be taken.

9 and 10. JUNKETINGS IN PRAGUE: The city was *en fête* for the Ninth Congress of the Czechoslovak Communist Party, and some of the speeches at the Congress accentuated the growing rift between the State and the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Kopecky, the Minister of Information, told delegates and warned the Roman Catholic Church that the task of educating children and administering the entire educational apparatus in and out of school was to be conducted by the State "in the spirit of our ideology, in the spirit of scientific truth, of Marxist-Leninist theory."

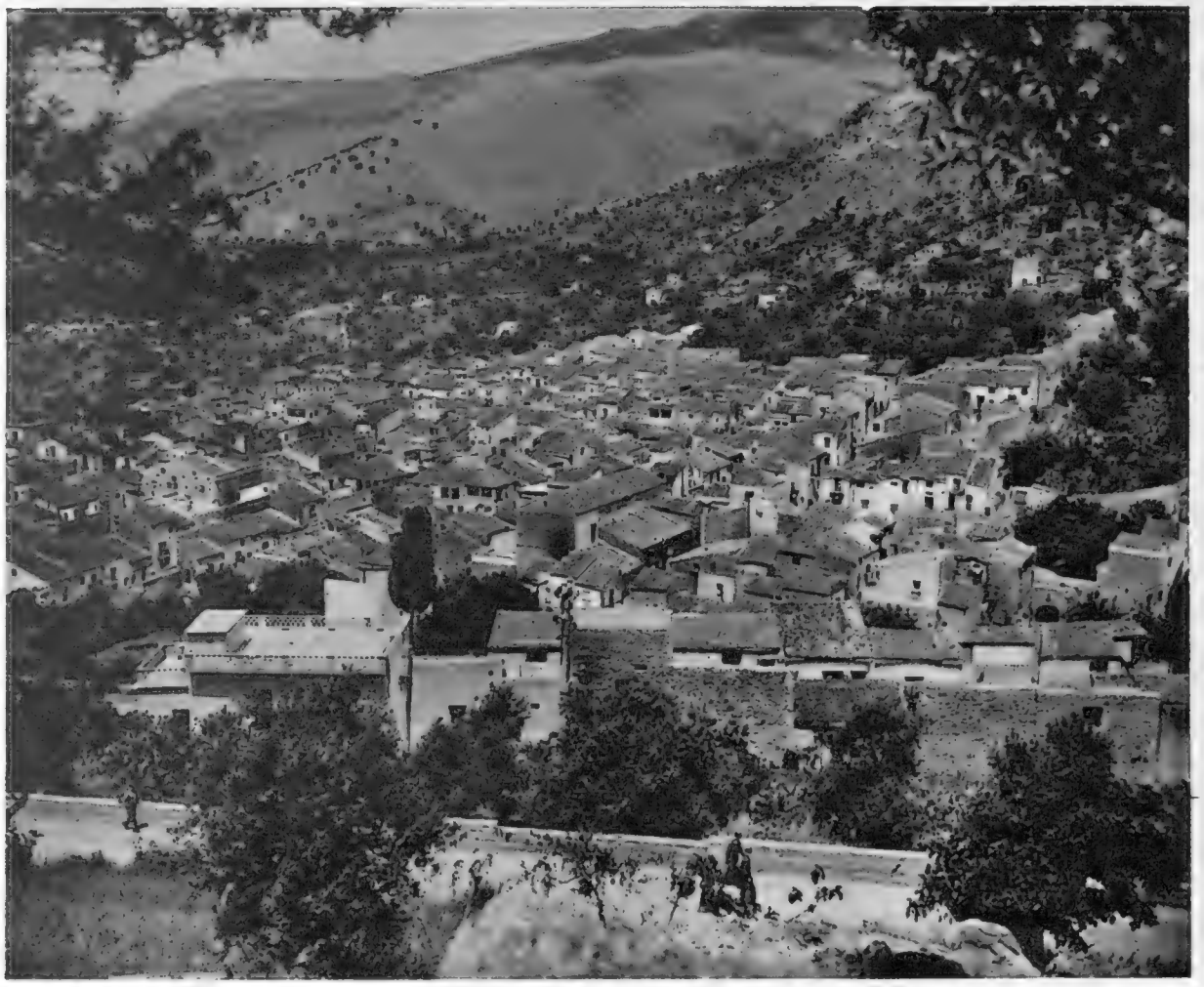
AT THE ROYAL WEDDING IN DENMARK: Princess Ingeborg of Sweden, Prince George of Greece, and Mrs. Nielsen (grandmother of the bride) at the wedding of Prince Flemming, younger son of Prince Axel, and Miss Ruth B. Nielsen, daughter of a Copenhagen contractor. The bride and bridegroom will now be known as Count and Countess Rosenburg

8. **LAMAS ASK FOR INDIAN STATUS:** They came from Pitok Monastery, Kashmir, to request that their valley be admitted to the Dominion

9. **GOTTWALD RECEIVES:** The Czech leader (right) with Juan Marinello (Cuba), Jorge Amado (Brazil), Togliatti (Italy), and Ama Zonas (Brazil) at the Czech Congress

10. **CZECHOSLOVAK MINERS IN CEREMONIAL UNIFORM:** They wore this finery at the Ninth Congress of the Czech Communist Party

MOTORISED ITALIAN POLICE HUNT FOR THE OUTLAW SALVATORE GIULIANO, A BANDIT WITH 100 MURDERS TO HIS NAME, IN THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGES BETWEEN BORGETTO AND PONTE DI SAGANA: The edict has gone forth from Rome that Giuliano must be caught, and 5,000 men, uniformed and in plain clothes, have been thrown into the battle in the mountain country round Palermo, in the north-west of Sicily. In the middle of May the posses thought they had confined the outlaw into a narrow area where his capture was certain, but later in the month they were inclined to believe that he had slipped through their cordon. Seventy police have lost their lives in Giuliano's ambushes



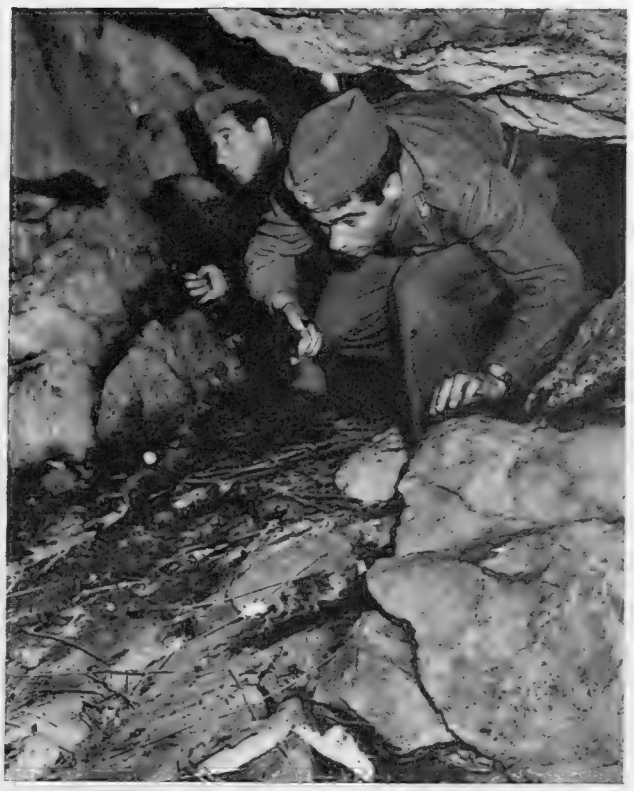
HUNTING A SICILIAN OUTLAW

Italian Police Search for the Bandit Salvatore Giuliano, who is Wanted Dead or Alive

The 5,000 police who have been thrown into the battle against Salvatore Giuliano are not only up against a determined killer who knows every inch of the country, but one whom the Sicilian people regard with awe mingled with affection. Many of them would shield this Robin Hood without hesitation, for Giuliano makes lavish gifts to the poor, and sends money to the relatives of his victims. Not long ago, when one of Giuliano's sisters was married with typical Sicilian pageantry and carousal, plain-clothes police mingled with the wedding guests. They did not then know that Giuliano was there, too, in disguise. Giuliano's story began in 1943 when he took to the mountains after a brush with the police. There he started a Free Sicily movement, and, believe it or not, Sicilian business men gave him their support, believing that he and his gang would prove a bulwark against Communism. To-day Giuliano has shaken off all political pretensions, and has become an outright gang-leader.

On left — **THE MOUNTAIN TOWNSHIP OF MONTELEPRE:** Giuliano's house—the building with the balcony in the foreground on the left—is now used as a barracks by the police who are hunting for him. A posse is seen patrolling the road in the foreground. On many occasions Giuliano has returned to Montelepre, in disguise

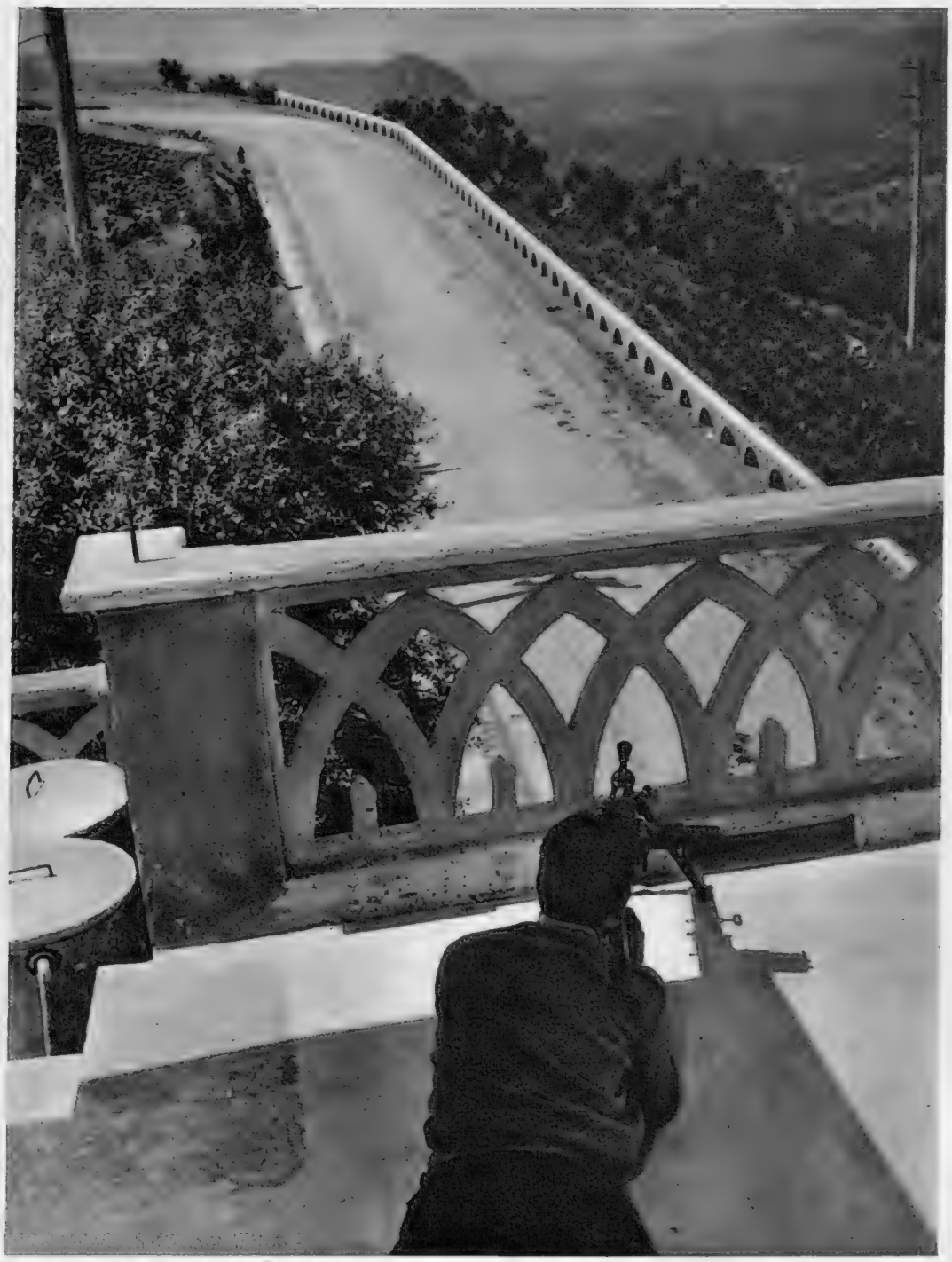
THE SEARCH FOR GIULIANO IN THE MOUNTAINS: The police never enter such places by the door, their casualties in the past have been too heavy. Instead, they very cautiously remove tiles from the roof. As they work, their comrades cover the operations with rifle and machine-gun. Giuliano is known to have spent the night in this particular hut on more than one occasion



POLICE INVESTIGATE A CAVE ON MOUNT CROCEFIA: This was another hide-out of Giuliano. The entrance had to be dynamited, and within the police found evidence of past occupation. Giuliano always seems to be several jumps ahead of his pursuers, and his skill in creating an ambush makes him one to be feared at all times

IN THE BANDIT'S HOME AT MONTELEPRE, NOW A POLICE BARRACKS USED BY THE POSSE WHICH KEEPS CONSTANT WATCH FOR GIULIANO IN HIS NATIVE TOWN: On the wall is a lion, which Giuliano painted during his days of residence there. The bandit's father and mother and sister have been taken away from the house at Montelepre and are in gaol elsewhere in Sicily. This action caused Giuliano to write indignant letters to the Press

A SUSPECTED COLLABORATOR: This man was believed to have had associations with Giuliano. On being captured in the mountains he was handcuffed and driven away in a jeep for questioning. Giuliano has many faithful friends among the population

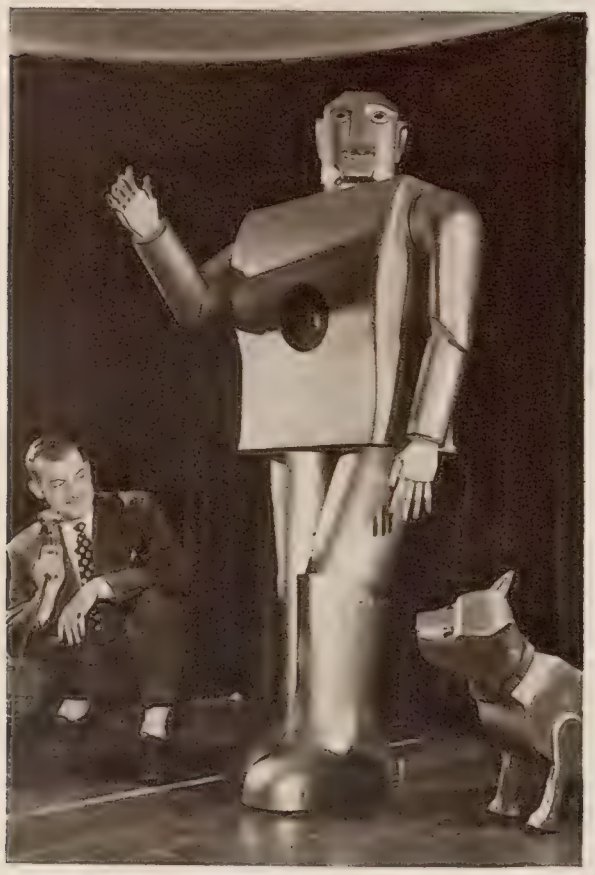


WHEN GIULIANO MADE A RAID ON HIS HOME TOWN OF MONTELEPRE: This picture, taken from the balcony of the bandit's house, shows the road on which he appeared. The bandit fired at the house, and one policeman on duty there was killed. There was a policeman lying on the terrace in the same position as the man depicted here, but he escaped injury. Giuliano always tries to return to Montelepre whenever he can

The World of Mechanics

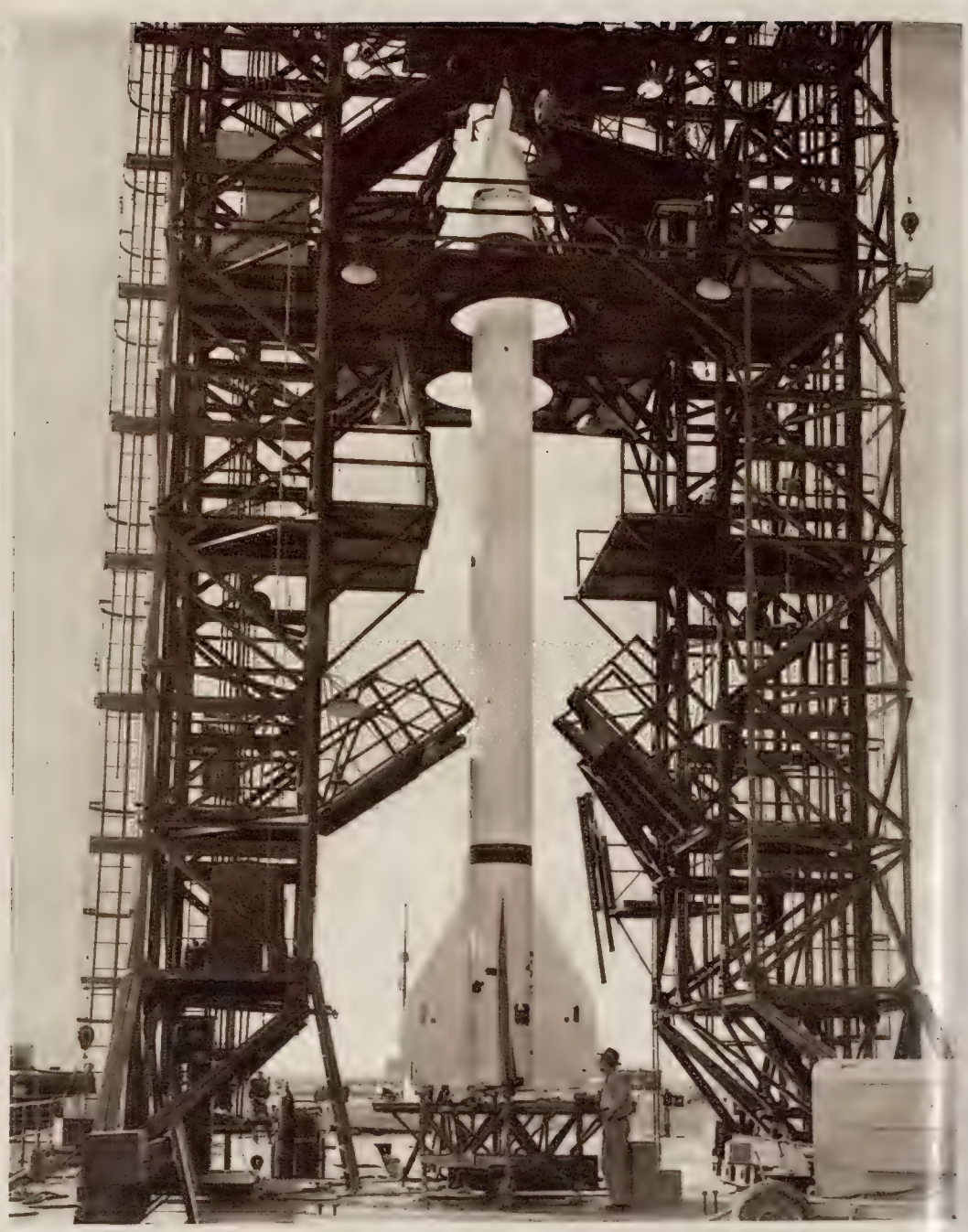
ELEKTRO FINDS HIS VOICE AGAIN

More Rocket Experiments at White Sands: America's Skip Bombers



ELEKTRO TAKES ORDERS: By speaking into a microphone, Mr. John Angel, engineer of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, can direct the actions of Elektro—the 7-ft., 260-lb. mechanical man. The robot does twenty-six different tricks, including making a speech and smoking cigarettes. His mechanical dog Sparko also has a repertoire, but it is somewhat more limited.

Elektro is no new invention. He first entertained visitors ten years ago at the New York World's Fair. Now he has been brought out of mothballs and, after a fortnight's hard work by the Westinghouse engineers, he is ready again to go on the stage with Sparko, who begs, barks, and wags his tail. This mighty automaton will never need a psychiatrist because his brain consists of eighty-two electrical relays. These relays operate his nervous system of motors, levers, gears and chains, making him walk, talk, count numbers, smoke, distinguish colours, and salute. His spinal column and nervous system contain hundreds of miles of wire. Elektro responds to words spoken into a microphone. Each word sets up vibrations, which are converted into electrical impulses. These impulses operate the relays in Elektro's brain controlling his eleven motors. Talking to Elektro is indeed like dialling a telephone; using light impulses instead of numbers to cause the relays to act. A series of words, properly spaced, select the movement Elektro is to make



IT SOARED 51½ MILES, ATTAINING A SPEED OF 2,250 M.P.H.: The first of ten Viking rockets on its stand and with the loading rack round it before being launched experimentally from the White Sands Proving Ground at Las Cruces, New Mexico. The "drawbridge"-type platforms make it possible to work on any part of the rocket while it is in a vertical position. The rocket was launched to the right of the loading rack. It is the first all-U.S.-designed rocket

Both the United States Air Force and the United States Navy are experimenting with rockets at the White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico, and among the important aircraft companies building these projectiles are Consolidated Vultee, whose adaptation of the V 2 has been illustrated in THE SPHERE; and the Glenn L. Martin Co., of Baltimore, Maryland. The latter are building ten Viking rockets under the Navy's long-range research programme which aims at the development of a high-altitude rocket that will in every way exceed the V 2 in performance. The development programme provides that the experience gained from each Viking shall be used to advance the design of the next and of all succeeding rockets in the Viking series. The first flight was a test of the Viking's propulsion and control systems, both of which performed well. The 51½-mile altitude, though sufficient to prove the basic design, did not utilise the rocket's full capacity. The 45-ft.-long pencil-like projectile weighs 5 tons when fully loaded. The rocket engine burns liquid oxygen and alcohol. The first Viking reached its peak altitude 163 seconds after take-off. After exceeding 15 miles under powered flight it coasted to its zenith and then fell back to the earth ten miles from the launching site about six minutes after take-off. It was recovered with working parts intact.

THE ART OF SKIP-BOMBING—A REPUBLIC F-84, OF THE 20TH FIGHTER WING, FROM SHAW AIR FORCE BASE, SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWS HOW IT IS DONE AT THE FIRST ANNUAL GUNNERY MEET AT LAS VEGAS, NEVADA: *In the left-hand picture* the plane is seen approaching the target. The 100-lb. practice bomb, just released, is directly below the F-84. *Centre*—The bomb, after striking the ground at the exact spot judged by the pilot, is now skipping through the middle of the target. *Right*—While the bomb fragments scatter, the F-84 soars skyward

The United States Air Force staged its first annual gunnery meet at Las Vegas Air Force base in order to perfect gunnery training methods in the Service, and with a view to planning new and better aids to training. Teams from the best fighter and bomber-fighter groups in the country participated on a competitive basis in aerial gunnery, panel ground gunnery, rocket-firing, dive-bombing and skip-bombing. The skip-bombing produced some of the finest work, and the direct hit illustrated above won general applause. The results of the Las Vegas meet will be analysed, and the methods employed will, as far as possible, be incorporated in new Service textbooks

TO HOLD BACK THE WATERS OF LOCH SLOY: One of the great buttresses in the 165-ft.-high dam now nearing completion in Dumbartonshire, the first of the big power projects undertaken by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. The dam will be 1,160 ft. long and, through a tunnel beneath Ben Vorlich and subsequently through pipe-lines, it will provide water for the power station now rising at Inveruglas, on the banks of Loch Lomond

THE GREAT DAM AT LOCH SLOY

The First Link in the Vast Scottish Power Chain

ILLUSTRATED IN A SPECIAL FOUR-PAGE SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"

Highland water power is at last being put to work effectively, in large measure through the pioneering spirit of Mr. Thomas Johnstone, author of the Hydro-Electric Development Act and subsequently chairman of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. The Board has its offices in Edinburgh and displays above the door the Gaelic motto "Neart nan Gleann," meaning "Power of the Glen," not "Power from the Glens," as some disaffected persons have pretended to believe.

Of the Board's many projects, that on the most heroic scale is the Loch Sloy development. On paper the details are simple. A dam of 1,160 ft. in length is being built with a maximum height of 165 ft.; a system of open and closed cold-water aqueducts is being devised to feed

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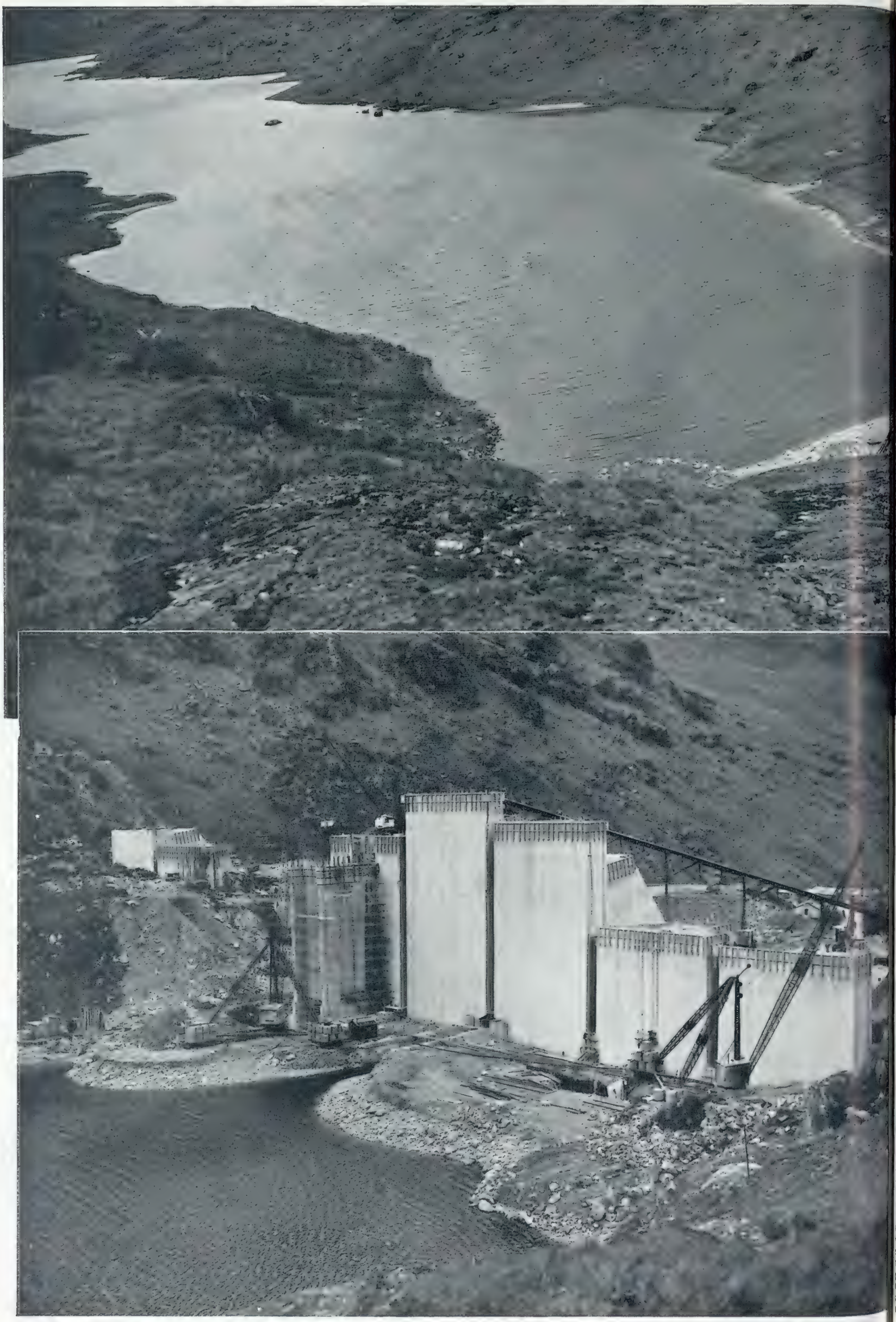

550,000 TONS OF CONCRETE ARE BEING POURED INTO THIS MIGHTY WALL AT THE EASTERN END OF LOCH SLOY: The dam will be 1,160 ft. long and it will form a reservoir holding 1,200,000,000 gallons of water, which will be conveyed to the power station by Loch Lomond at the rate of 220,000 tons per hour. Loch Sloy lies about 30 miles from Glasgow, and the power scheme is designed to meet the vastly-increased electricity needs of the industrial Lowlands

THE GREAT DAM AT LOCH SLOY

The Progress of Scotland's Most Ambitious Power Scheme

(*Continued from previous page*)

additional water into the reservoir; a tunnel 2 miles long and 16 ft. in diameter has been driven under Ben Vorlich and is now being concrete-lined; and a power station is rising on the banks of Loch Lomond with a designed capacity of 120,000,000 units.

The task, however, is truly formidable, for the harnessing of this power in the glens could not be started until 16 miles of road had been built through rugged country. The roads had to be blasted through rock and carried over gullies.

Camps had to be established for workers on the scheme, and there is now accommodation for 1,700 men, "a company which," in the words of a Scottish journalist, "have added as generously to the heroic as to the rowdy legends of the neighbourhood."

The dam itself, now rising at the eastern end of Loch Sloy, is situated 900 ft. above Loch Lomond and it is consuming no fewer than 220,000 cubic yards of concrete, amounting in all to about 550,000 tons in the state in which it is poured.

In order to get stone for the aggregate, a quarry has had to be opened in a hollow on Ben Vane. Crushing and grading plants are set up near the quarry, and a conveyer belt carries the material over two miles of hill to the cement-mixing plant set up at the foot of the

(*Continued on next page*)

On left—**THE WESTERN FACE OF THE DAM: The wall offers a perfectly flat surface on the Loch side, and its strength lies in the massive buttresses which form the eastern face. In the background can be seen the conveyer which brings the cement from the mixers to the shuttering at the top of the dam. The cement is poured at the rate of about one cubic yard per minute**

IN THE SHADOW OF BEN LOMOND: Looking from the dam across the rugged countryside which lies between Loch Sloy and Loch Lomond, where the power station is being built. In the foreground is the conveyer which carries crushed rock to the cement-mixing machines beside the dam. At the time of writing, this conveyer is operating at a rate of 1,000 tons a day, but it can operate if need be at the rate of 1,500 tons

THE NEW POWER STATION RISES ON THE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND: Stretching up the mountainside are the pipe-lines which, at a height of 600 ft., enter a tunnel. This tunnel, concrete-lined to prevent water friction losses, will bring the water from the Loch Sloy reservoir. There were casualties during the boring of the tunnel, and one awkward setback when blasting operations opened up a cavern in the rock 70 ft. high. This fault had to be by-passed

THE GREAT DAM AT LOCH SLOY

And the Loch Lomond Power Station which it will Supply

(Continued from previous page)

dam. The cement itself is carried to the summit of the dam by cableways.

The dam, which in many ways will resemble the great Norris Dam built by the Tennessee Valley Authority, will reach a maximum height of 165 ft. The buttresses, on the eastern face, are reared 90 ft. from the valley floor, and this will be topped by yet more concrete.

The second great engineering feat involved in the Loch Sloy scheme is the two-mile tunnel through Ben Vorlich. There were the inevitable accidents during the tunnelling, just as there have been at Fannich, another North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board scheme, where last January twenty-one men were injured by flying rock during blasting operations in the 3½-mile-long tunnel.

The water will emerge from the Ben Vorlich tunnel in two lines of electrically-welded steel pipes, 10 ft. in diameter, and it will then branch into four pipes each 7 ft. in diameter. These four pipes, which may be sprayed with camouflage paint to blend with the countryside, enter the power station on the banks of Loch Lomond at Inveruglas.

The generating plant consists of four turbines driving alternators of 32,500 kw. each, and a 450-kw. Pelton wheel for auxiliary supplies. The annual output is now estimated at 120,000,000 units. The original estimate was 100,000,000 units, but this has now been increased by the decision to build five aqueducts to collect the water of certain streams and pass it into Loch Sloy.

The switching station, which will tie Sloy to the Shira and Allt-na-Lairige schemes, is also taking shape rapidly. When it is completed the Sloy scheme will employ only a few men, their main task being to keep the waters and the power in check, but there is little doubt that it will be the means of stopping any further power cuts in the highly industrialised Lowlands.

WHERE THE PIPE-LINES ENTER THE POWER STATION: The picturesque setting on Lomond-side which will not be disfigured to any marked degree by the Hydro-Electric Board's scheme. Across the water on the Stirlingshire shore rises the peak of Ben Lomond. At this point the loch is at its narrowest. At its southern extremity it is 5 miles wide. The station's annual output is estimated at 120,000,000 units

THE HELICOPTER AS A PEST-DESTROYER

The Kaman K 190 Undergoes Trials in Washington : The Bell and the Sikorski Mobilised to Fight the Colorado Beetle

THE FIRST COMMERCIAL TWIN-ROTOR HELICOPTER : The K 190, designed mainly for pest-destruction work, seen during a demonstration in Washington. Mrs. Helen S. Kaman, the wife of the designer, has her hand beneath the front wheel as the machine hovers lightly above the ground.

There is still a tendency among fixed-wing aircraft designers and technicians to regard the helicopter as a toy. Mr. Rowe, Controller of Research and Long-Term Development in B.E.A.C., has put himself on record as a believer in the fact that the helicopter has "arrived" and, with every passing month, the evidence in favour of that view piles up. The helicopter's use as a pest-destroyer is already being proved beyond question, and at the present moment Bell and Sikorski helicopters are at work in the Cherbourg Peninsula spraying the crops with a view to defeating the Colorado beetle menace. The campaign began towards the end of May, as soon as the beetles began to emerge in quantity from hibernation, and in Northern France alone the intention is to spray about 130,000 acres of potatoes. Above all, the attack is being concentrated on the Cherbourg Peninsula, where the main potato-growing areas are on the coast at the point nearest to Jersey. The idea is to stop the Colorado beetle from crossing the short stretch of sea, about 15 miles, between the mainland and the Channel Isles. The helicopters, operated by an English

(*Continued below*)

TWO CONGRESSMEN GO ALOFT : Senator Brien McMahon (Democrat, Connecticut) and Representative Antoni Sadlak (Republican, Connecticut) flying with Pilot Bill Murray in the Kaman K 190, product of the Kaman Aircraft Corporation of Windsor Locks. A great future is predicted for the machine in agricultural work, particularly pest-destruction

A SIKORSKI HELICOPTER SPRAYING POTATO CROPS NEAR CAEN : This work, under international control and directed from Paris by Dr. Raymond Poutiers, chief of the Plant Protection Service, is now taking place over an area extended from Strasbourg to Brittany and is intended to keep in check the Colorado beetle, preventing it, in particular, from making further inroads in the Channel Islands. With the Sikorski, the spray mixes with the downward current from the exhaust, driving it down with such force that it rebounds from the ground to coat the undersides of the leaves

A BELL HELICOPTER TAKES OFF ON A CROP-SPRAYING EXPEDITION : This is fitted for dusting the crops with D.D.T. and it works in co-operation with the Piper Cub aircraft seen on the ground

firm which specialises in pest-destruction, provide the ideal mode of attack, and the results from Caen are eagerly awaited by the international committee charged with the task of putting down the Colorado beetle.

In the United States, where helicopter experimentation is on a particularly wide scale, one of the latest innovations is the Kaman 190, which has been devised by a Connecticut firm essentially for pest-destruction. The K 190 is a utility machine planned for use as a piece of industrial and agricultural equipment, and in the design prime consideration has been given to maintenance, accessibility and dependability of operation. The power plant is a Lycoming O 435, six-cylinder air-cooled engine with a maximum rating of 190 h.p. at 2,550 r.p.m. The engine is located below and to the rear of the main transmission. The Kaman has a range of 235 miles at 70 m.p.h.

A HOLD-UP IN THE CITY—TRAFFIC JAMMED TIGHT ON LONDON BRIDGE: The cause of this jam was that road repairs were in progress at Tower Bridge, where only southbound traffic was able to proceed. As a result, vehicles had to use London Bridge or the Rotherhithe Tunnel. The chaos provided one more proof of the bare sufficiency of the river crossings at this point

WHEN LONDON WILL BE HOST TO THE WORLD

Preparing for the Great Exhibition of 1951 and Other News from the Capital

LONDON FROM THE BALCONY OF BIG BEN—PARLIAMENT SQUARE, WITH WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON THE LEFT AND CENTRAL HALL IN THE BACKGROUND, AS SEEN FROM THE CLOCK TOWER, 180 FT. ABOVE GROUND. *On right*—**LOOKING OVER THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT TOWARDS LAMBETH BRIDGE. Two remarkable views taken on the ninetieth birthday of the famous clock.** "Big Ben" (strictly the name of the bell, not the clock) was cast at the Whitechapel Bell Foundry in 1858 and weighs 13½ tons. It was erected the following year and its name is derived from the First Commissioner of Works at that time, Sir Benjamin Hall. The clock has stopped only once during its ninety years of service—in 1944, when the pendulum suspension spring broke. The clock is reached by 374 steps. Each of the four dials is 23 ft. in diameter, the minute hands are 14 ft. long; the hour hands 9 ft. On the flange of the pendulum rests 9½d. in coppers. The removal of one penny would cause a loss of two-fifths of a second a day

THE RAPID CLEARANCE OF THE SITE ON THE SOUTH BANK FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1951 : A general view of the area just to the west of Waterloo Bridge as the task of demolition and rubble collection nears its close. The old Shot Tower on the left is to remain, and will be incorporated into the general plan of the Exhibition. From its summit visitors will be able to obtain magnificent panoramic views of the river in King's Reach and of the great buildings of London from Westminster to St. Paul's. Among the plans lately announced for the Great Exhibition is the provision on this South Bank site of one of the biggest television studios in the world. It is hoped to have a space of about 4,000 sq. ft. for an exhibition called "The Story of British Television." The first site chosen for the television display was not considered large enough, and the new site will be on the right of this picture at the southern end of the segment lying between Hungerford railway bridge and Waterloo Bridge

TUNNELLING UNDER THE THAMES—ONE OF THE THREE TUNNELS WHICH WILL SERVE THE NEW BANKSIDE POWER STATION : The top picture shows the discharge shaft which is constructed with 18-ft.-diameter cast-iron rings. In the lower picture is seen the small vehicle which transports concrete from the mixer at the top of the discharge shaft to the working face. Over 40 ft. below the Thames men are cutting away the blue clay to drive the three new tunnels for Bankside power station. The first will act as an intake for cool water; the second as an outlet for the hot water after use in the turbines; and the third for the intake of fuel oil and supplies from a jetty

1. ROLL UP! ROLL UP! Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) attracting custom at the Old Vic sideshow at the recent Theatrical Garden Party, Roehampton

2. GAY QUARTETTE: Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons, with the hosts, John Gielgud and Gertrude Lawrence, at the Theatrical Garden Party

Home News in Pictures

THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY

A Woman Golfing Champion: London's Buses on the Scrap-heap: A Replica of Drake's *Golden Hind*

1 and 2. ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR AT ROEHAMPTON: John Gielgud and Gertrude Lawrence were the official hosts at the Theatrical Garden Party at Roehampton, and Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier were among the many celebrated stars of stage and screen who gave their help in extorting money from a willing public on behalf of the Actors' Orphanage to which the Garden Party proceeds go. One of the highlights of the day was the performance of Danny Kaye, who appeared as a "nervous amateur" at an audition conducted by Mr. Hugh Beaumont and which went on all the afternoon. London theatre managers acted as talent-spotters. At the end of his act Danny Kaye was dragged from the microphone by Sid Field, who told him as he concluded his shy performance that he undoubtedly had a future before him.

3. THE NEW NOTTINGHAMSHIRE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPION: Mrs. E. Hetherington, who has lately added to her imposing list of competitive successes. She was British Women's Golf Champion in 1946

3. THE PRIDE OF BEESTON FIELDS: Mrs. E. Hetherington, British Women's Golf Champion in 1946, is one of the leading lights of the Beeston Fields Golf Club, Notts, and recently she added to her laurels by winning the Notts Women's Golf Championship. Mrs. Hetherington is of medium stature and physique and one of the most natural golfers to grace the game. Her swing is apparently effortless and rhythmical, as witness in this picture taken by a fellow-club member. Mrs. Hetherington is still in her early twenties, and has many years of championship golf before her.

4. THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: Last January the Prime Minister announced the terms of reference of the Commission under the chairmanship of Sir Ernest Gowers, chairman of the Harlow New Town Corporation and a distinguished Civil Servant. The Commission will consider and report whether liability under the criminal law of Great Britain to suffer capital punishment for murder should be limited or modified, and, if so, to what extent and by what means and for how long and under what conditions persons, who would otherwise be liable to suffer capital punishment, should be detained. The other members of the Commission are Miss Elizabeth Bowen (Mrs. E. D. C. Cameron), the novelist; Mr. Norman Roy Fox Andrews, K.C., the Recorder of Bournemouth; Miss Florence Hancock, Vice-Chairman of the T.U.C.; Mr. William Jones, Clerk of the Denbighshire County Council; Mr. Horace MacDonald, of the Executive Committee of the Working Men's College, Oxford; Mr. John Mann, Convener of Lanarkshire County Council; Sir Alexander Maxwell, one-time chairman of the Prison Commission of England and Wales; Professor G. A. Montgomery, K.C., Professor of Scots Law, Edinburgh University; Earl Peel, Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire; Professor Radzinowicz, an authority on criminal law; and Dr. Eliot Slater, a psychiatrist

4. THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: (left to right) Mr. Elliot-Binns, Professor Leon Radzinowicz, Mr. Mann, Professor Montgomery, Mr. William Jones, Sir Ernest Gowers, Mr. Graham Harrison, Mr. Andrews, Mr. MacDonald, Sir A. Maxwell, Lord Peel

6. LONG, LONG TRAIL TO ROTTERDAM: The 94-ft. column which was despatched by road from Dukinfield

5. A MIGHTY LOAD IN TRANSIT: A Class I Fusion Welded Debutaniser Column en route from Dukinfield, Cheshire, to the Shell Refinery in Rotterdam

7. GRAVEYARD OF LONDON'S BUSES: The dump at Rainham, Essex, where old equipment, stripped of usable parts, is turned over to metal merchants

8. THE RAINHAM DUMPING GROUND: Axles and differentials, and engines from scrapped London buses piling up at the scrap-metal yards in Essex

5 and 6. DEBUTANISERS AND FRACTIONATING COLUMNS: In a recent issue THE SPHERE published pictures of a fractionating column used in oil refining, the largest all-welded vessel of its kind ever made in this country, being floated down the Thames en route to the Shell Refinery at Pernis, near Rotterdam. Now Messrs. Daniel Adamson, of Dukinfield, Cheshire, send us news of another vessel, a Debutaniser, also used in the process of oil refining. This has also been sent to Pernis, and our pictures show the 94-ft. fusion welded column mounted on a lorry and trailer as it made its way to the docks. En route it was actually carried through the Mersey Tunnel. Although this column is by no means the biggest or the heaviest that Adamson's have built, its interest lies in the fact that, being constructed to Class I requirements throughout, it is built under Lloyd's survey, and every inch of every butt-welded seam on the vessel is subject to X-ray examinationr.

7 and 8. LONDON TRANSPORT HAS SCRAPPED 1,000 BUSES: The disappearance of these veterans of the road is generally welcomed, as in the immediate post-war years the buses, aged eighteen years or more, have had a marked nuisance value, often being off the road for long periods at a time owing to the difficulty in obtaining and fitting spare parts. Stripped of everything useful in its present form, these buses are being turned over to scrap-metal merchants, and they are being completely dismantled at Rainham.

9. THE KEEL THAT CUT A FURROW THROUGH THE SEAS OF THE ROUND WORLD: Visitors to Southend are able to go aboard an exact-size replica of the *Golden Hind*, the famous ship in which Drake circumnavigated the globe on his voyages of discovery and plunder. On board this modern model is a waxworks exhibition by Louis Tussaud, who shows how Drake and his men lived and worked in such a confined space. Before the war, it may be remembered, the Navy built a scale model of the *Golden Hind*, and this was featured at several Navy Weeks on the south coast, taking visitors for trips in the Channel.

10. CAREERS IN NEW YORK: A textile manufacturer from New York, a Mr. Kandell, has been searching London for designs. He drew a blank at the usual commercial sources, and the British Industries Fair, so he went to an exhibition by students of the Central School of Arts, London. There he bought £200 worth of designs, and seized on two of the students, John Drummond and Mary Oliver, to work for him. He has offered them free trips to New York, and hopes that they will stay on to work for him after seeing life out there. The young couple have accepted—and are eagerly looking forward to careers in the New World.

11. GRIMSBY'S FIRST CITIZEN: Grimsby recently elected its first woman Mayor in 750 years. She is Mrs. Margaret Lamour, who met her husband, Councillor Matthew Lamour, at a suffragette meeting. Mayoress for the year is the Mayor's sister, Mrs. Anne Watson, who has returned to Grimsby after thirty years in Vancouver.

SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS SPEAKS OUT: The President of the Royal Academy unveiling at Newlyn, the plaque to Stanhope Forbes. Forbes' masterpiece, "Toast to the Bride," is in the cellars of the Tate, said Sir Alfred, and yet we see "absurd pictures by Matisse hung with lavish wall-space as if they were worth £10,000 apiece"

9. A REPLICA OF DRAKE'S "GOLDEN HIND": It has been built in the pool adjoining the pier at Southend. Within is a waxworks exhibition

10. EXPORTING TALENT: Mary Oliver and John Drummond of Central School of Arts and Crafts, whose textile designing has won American approval

11. GRIMSBY'S FIRST LADY MAYOR IN 750 YEARS: Mrs. Lamour takes the oath of office in the presence of the Town Clerk. Her sister acts as Mayoress

THE MANOR OF HUGHENDEN NOW OFFICIALLY HANDED OVER TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: The celebrated mansion where Disraeli lived from 1847 until the time of his death thirty-four years later, became National Trust property in 1946, and the official handing-over ceremony was conducted at the beginning of this month by Lord Esher, the National Trust's representative, and Earl Stanhope, President of the Disraelian Society, which did so much to clear the Hughenden debt. It was in 1862 that the exterior of Hughenden was thoroughly remodelled by Disraeli and the Gothic trimmings were added

HUGHENDEN

DISRAELI'S HOME NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE PASSES OFFICIALLY INTO THE HANDS OF THE NATION

Hughenden Manor has a history going back to the days of the Reformation and earlier, and in later times it was linked with the name of Philip Dormer, fourth Earl of Chesterfield and author of the celebrated *Letters*. It was, however, in 1847, when Benjamin Disraeli bought the estate, that Hughenden's claim to fame was established, and there the statesman settled down to create a house worthy of his growing reputation in the world of letters and politics. As the leader of the Opposition to the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, Disraeli had well and truly made his mark, and when he came to Hughenden in 1847, at the time of his election to Parliament for the county of Buckinghamshire, most men knew that here was the coming leader of the Tory Party. In 1862 Disraeli remodelled Hughenden, adding those architectural Gothic trimmings to the previously plain exterior, and the result was that a simple Manor House gave place to a typical Victorian mansion of red brick. During the last war Hughenden was taken over by the Air Ministry, and there were made and printed the target maps used by the R.A.F.

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT HUGHENDEN, WITH ITS LOW CEILING AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES: A rich flock wallpaper, redolent of the Victorian age, adorns the walls, and the embroidered chairs and footstools belong to the same period. On a small table beside the fireplace is an early miniature of Mary Anne Disraeli, while over the fireplace is Middleton's copy of the miniature

THE STUDY AT HUGHENDEN MANOR: It is still arranged to-day just as it was at the time of Disraeli's death, and as it was when Queen Victoria visited it shortly afterwards. In it Disraeli's political and Royal correspondence, his furniture, pictures and books remain intact

SIR FRANCIS GRANT'S PORTRAIT OF DISRAELI ABOVE THE MANTELPIECE IN THE LIBRARY: The portrait, painted in 1852, is regarded as the finest representation of the statesman when he first achieved office

EXETER ENTHRONES HER NEW BISHOP

St. Mary's, Paddington Green, in the Hands of the Restorer; Blessing the Plough and Blessing the Sea

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW BISHOP OF EXETER: Bishops and clergy watching the civic procession entering Exeter Cathedral before the Right Rev. Cecil Mortimer, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, was enthroned to take the place of the Right Rev. Charles Edward Curzon, who resigned some time ago. The consecration of the new Bishop took place, on St. Mark's Day, at Westminster Abbey. Dr. Mortimer was educated at Keble, Oxford, and Wells Theological College. He was ordained in 1926 to the curacy of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. He became a lecturer in theology at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1925, and from 1930 to 1934 was tutor of the College

AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE NEW BISHOP OF EXETER: Dr. Mortimer, pastoral staff in hand, is seen with the Mayor of Exeter as John Pemberthy, head boy of Exeter Episcopal Modern School, read his address at Broad Gate. This was one of many aspects of a crowded day of civic and ecclesiastical pageantry in Exeter on the occasion of Dr. Mortimer's enthronement

THE BLESSING OF THE SEA AT HASTINGS: Followed by fisherfolk, with their wives and children, the clergy walk in procession on the pebbly shore after the annual ceremony. The blessing was carried out by the Rev. J. L. Napier, of St. Clements, and the sermon, by the Rev. L. Redgrave, of Fairlight, was delivered from the deck of the Hastings lifeboat. After the ceremony the Cross was borne in procession by the water's edge

THE RESTORATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S, PADDINGTON GREEN, IS NEARLY COMPLETED: The church was badly damaged by bombs and blast during the war, and, when repairs were at length begun, it was found that dry-rot among the timbers had caused almost equal devastation. A great deal of timberwork and also part of the stone outer walls and the portico have had to be replaced. St. Mary's, built in 1788-91 on the site of the church in which William Hogarth was secretly married in 1729 to the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, has many associations with the stage and with the arts. Martin Archer Shee, afterwards President of the Royal Academy, was married in the church in 1796. Among those buried in the churchyard are Thomas Banks, R.A., the sculptor, Dr. Alexander Geddes, the Roman Catholic translator of the historical books of the Old Testament, Mrs. Siddons, Joseph Nollekens, the sculptor, and his father, Joseph Francis Nollekens, the painter, known as Old Nollekens

BRINGING THE CHURCH AND THE COUNTRYSIDE INTO CLOSER TOUCH: Archbishop Booth of Melbourne blessing the plough in St. John's Church of England at Riddell's Creek, near Gisborne. The ceremony, which has been performed for centuries in England and is still carried on in the diocese of Chichester, was being performed, it is believed, for the first time in Australia. The blessing was conducted according to an order of service sent to Archbishop Booth by the Bishop of Chichester. Preceded by choristers from Geelong Grammar School, six young farmers carried the one-furrow plough to the church and stood it in front of the altar. So great was the interest in the service that a marquee was constructed outside the church to take the overflow congregation, and the service was relayed to them by amplifiers

THE WINDMILL KEEPS TURNING

The Revue Theatre Presents Its 222nd Edition

By CHARLES GRAVES

THIS month the Windmill Theatre is presenting its 222nd edition and is now in its eighteenth year under the same management and with the same policy, though it was not until 1935 that Vivian Van Damm received permission from the Lord Chamberlain to show nude tableaux on condition that the girls did not move and the tableaux were "artistic." Ever since 1932 Vivian Van Damm has somehow succeeded in maintaining freshness, although each edition lasts only six weeks, and it was only for thirteen days between September 3 and September 16, 1939, that the Windmill, like all other theatres, was closed by Act of Parliament. Incidentally, the phrase "We never closed" refers to the period from September 16 to October 12, 1940, when it was the only theatre open in London. On October 12, the Vaudeville decided to reopen. During this period only the Vaudeville and the Windmill were open. Then, on November 2, the Comedy and Wyndham's followed suit.

At the Windmill the whole staff and cast slept in the basement. The theatre had several near misses, during one of which a stage-hand, brother of one of the chorus girls, was killed and Valerie Tandy saved her life by being obedient. She was asked to get a tomato sandwich from the café ten yards from the stage door. She was told that only egg sandwiches were being served. Instead of waiting for one to be made she went back for further instructions. As she did so the café received a direct hit and she was blown through the stage door unhurt.

Valerie Tandy is one of the many actors and actresses who were given their first chance by Vivian Van Damm. Others have included Beryl Orde, John Tilley, Afrique, Richard Haydn, Richard Murdoch, Harold Berens, Eric Barker, Jean Kent, Jimmy Edwards and Anita Martell, whose comedy juggling act is now the rage of New York. Anita Martell is a typical example of Vivian Van Damm's talent spotting and encouragement. She started at the age of 15½ at £10 a week; six months later she was getting £25 a week, returning two years later at £40 a week. At the moment, the Windmill has two "discoveries": Arthur English, a lanky comic who has only been in show business for eleven weeks, was a painter and decorator at Aldershot, earning £6 a week, when he came for a general audition (these take place on the Wednesday following the first Monday of each new edition), and was immediately put into the show at £25 a week. He is now getting £35 and earns it. He has a mass of hair, a remarkably quick way with the front rows of the stalls, a cockney accent with a lisp, and a catch phrase "Watch the boy," which I prophesy will one day become as well known as "Oi!" or "What a performance!" The other discovery is Margot Holden, who looks as though she may train on to be a second Frances Day.

Although the theatre, even at capacity, can only take £312, it has to pay over £50,000 a year in Entertainment Tax. There are six performances a day, the first beginning at 12.15 p.m. In order to make this physically possible for the cast, Vivian Van Damm now has two separate companies who work three days a week each. Minimum pay for the most junior chorus girl is £10 a week, and they all not only get paid for fifty-two weeks but also have eight weeks' holiday in the year, together with ten weeks of rehearsals from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., with a break for lunch. I attended one of these rehearsals recently and the laughter and chatter of the youngsters, whose average age is nineteen or twenty, showed they were obviously enjoying themselves in a big way.

Since 1932 over 1,000 girls have passed through the Windmill, but, unfortunately, no records have been kept of what happened to them afterwards. Many of them married very well; one now owns a half-interest in the Ambassadors Theatre. Dozens have married officers, particularly Royal Air Force officers, during the war. Two are learning to fly; one has already got her "A" certificate, the other one is on the point of taking it. Most of them have their own boy friends who have nothing to do with the stage nor with their stage appearances, and there is very little of dating up, compared with the war days, when the dates so often led to marriage.

Audiences, or at least the first four rows, are usually men, although it is by no means infrequent for parties of ten or a dozen women to come down from the provinces to the Windmill to study what their husbands have seen.

Vivian Van Damm never gives contracts for more than a week's notice to any of his cast. He does not believe in signing people up for long periods. If they are happy they will stay with him. If they are not, he says philosophically, there is no point in keeping them. He could certainly have made a considerable private fortune if he had put some of his discoveries under personal contract to himself. As it is, he now owns the freehold of the theatre, which must be immensely valuable. It was left to him in her will by Mrs. Laura Henderson, his original backer. Mrs. Henderson, who lost £30,000 in the first five years of her ownership of the Windmill, got it all back with a very handsome profit and, incidentally, left £380,000.

But how does the Windmill management manage to think up new ideas every six weeks? The answer, surprisingly enough, is that most of them come from the patrons, particularly those who have gone back abroad to the Middle East and Far East, and start thinking nostalgically about the show and possibly a special girl, and then send in ideas. These, of course, have to be polished up and re-written, but the authors receive a royalty of £2 2s. a week—in other words £12 12s. for any idea which is accepted.

With Vivian Van Damm are his right-hand producer Ann Mitelle, who has been with him eighteen years, Maisie Cryer, who has been ballet mistress for fourteen years, L. B. Lestock, who has been house manager for eighteen years, Keith Lester, who danced with Karsovina, Markova and Dolin, and has now done 180 tableaux and ballets, Charles Rose, who has been writing the music for fourteen years assisted by Ron Bridges, the other resident composer, who also writes a skit on the news, couplets four lines long, every day of the week.

Some people will recall a not very good film starring Rita Hayworth called "Tonight and Every Night," which was based on the Windmill Theatre during the war. Soon we will be seeing a "Whodunit" called "Murder at the Windmill," featuring Garry Marsh, Jon Pertwee, Diana Decker and Jimmy Edwards, and produced by Daniel Angel, who married one of the Van Damm sisters.

And so it goes on. The girls come and go, though some stay for five or six years. New talent is discovered, new jungle scenes are devised. (Strangely enough, the first cowboy scene ever presented at the Windmill Theatre is to be seen in the present edition.) New tunes are written, new tableaux are devised, and new scanties designed. One might have thought that by now it would be possible to revive old scenes and ideas, but according to Vivian Van Damm revivals are never successful, and he is therefore always doing something different. One might have thought, too, that the first show at 12.15 p.m. would not attract enough money to be worth while. It seems, however, that there are always numbers of people coming to London with appointments in the afternoon and nothing to do before then. Commercial travellers, too, who have finished their business by midday, flock to the first performance, for which there always seems to be quite a considerable queue.

One might have thought that the lavishly produced *Latin Quarter* at the London Casino would have affected the takings, but not a bit of it. After all, the nudes in *Latin Quarter* are only semi-nude, which is where we came in.

JIMMY LAMB PERFORMS A DARING LEAP: Watched by the Windmill boys and girls, he takes part in a dance scene from "The Gipsies," arranged by Keith Lester, in the new Vivian Van Damm production, Revudeville No. 222. The Windmill Theatre is now in its eighteenth year under the same management. Each edition of Revudeville lasts only six weeks, but the management has succeeded in maintaining freshness. Revivals are seldom tried, says Charles Graves, as they are never successful. The first show of the day starts at 12.15, and there always seems to be a queue for seats

"THERE'S NO LIMIT TO LOVE": Donald Clive dancing in his own number at the Windmill with vivacious, red-headed Anita D'Ray in Revudeville No. 222

THREE MONTHS AGO HE WAS AN ALDERSHOT PAINTER: Arthur English, now appearing in his third Windmill show

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A JAGUAR SETS OUT ON ITS RECORD-BREAKING RUN: In this 3½-litre two-seater sports car, Mr. R. M. V. Sutton, head test driver for Jaguar Cars Ltd., did 132 m.p.h. on a measured mile of the Jabbeke motorway near Ostend, a record for ordinary production models of any capacity. The engine has six cylinders, twin overhead camshafts and develops 160 b.h.p. It weighs only 22 cwt. Serial production of the model has just started. The total output is being reserved for export. The car used ordinary petrol for its record run. Previously the highest speed attained by a model of this type was 120 m.p.h.

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A MAN AND HIS HOMEWORK—THE LAST WORD IN STREAMLINING: Mr. Norman E. Timbs, an American mechanical engineer, who specialises in designing racing and sports cars, created this ultra-streamlined model for his own use. He has worked on the car for two-and-a-half years, spending nearly all his spare time upon the task, and he has spent about 10,000 dollars on purchasing the material for the project. The lower picture shows how two-thirds of the body can be raised for inspection purposes, "jacking up" in the same manner as the boot of a touring car. The engine, a "vintage" Buick, is mounted at the rear of the driver's seat. The chassis is of tubular construction and is 17½ ft. long. The total weight of the car is 2,300 lb.

THE POBEDA "MOLOTOV TWENTY," RUSSIA'S MOST LUXURIOUS TOURING CAR: British officials from Lancaster House, British Military Government headquarters, Berlin, inspecting the Russian-built car. It is often seen outside Lancaster House during the course of conferences, and has been much admired for its clean lines

THE TOPOLINO ("LITTLE MOUSE") EMERGES WITH A NEW BODY: This Fiat car, the best of the light cars now produced in Italy, has now been given a grill-design radiator, and the headlamps are embedded in the front mudguards. The alligator-type engine hood is also an innovation. The manufacturers claim that the "Little Mouse" has a performance second to none among light cars on the world market. The Topolino is capable of doing 50 miles to the gallon

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

The COURAGE of ODETTE SANSOM

One of the Great Stories of the Second World War Told by Jerrard Tickell

"TRUE courage," wrote La Rochefoucauld, "is to do without witnesses everything that one is capable of doing before all the world." In prisons throughout France, including the redoubtable Fresnes, in Ravensbruck concentration camp, and in a house in the elegant Avenue Foch in Paris, Mrs. Peter Churchill, then Odette Sansom, was to bear out the truth of those words from the day in April 1943, when she was captured, to the end of April 1945, when she reached the American lines. ODETTE—The Story of a British Agent (Chapman and Hall. 15s.), has been written by Mr. Jerrard Tickell, who has had full access to the relevant War Office documents and others, and who himself knows this extraordinary young woman to whom the King awarded the George Cross for "courage, endurance and self-sacrifice of the highest possible order." Odette is a charming young Frenchwoman, elegant and witty, and she is also the heroine of a story as brutal in one sense and as noble in another as the war produced. You should read this book, and I think you will marvel, as I did, at the amazing serenity, as well as at the fortitude, which have been a part of Odette's character.

George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, was one of the most brilliant figures of his age in Restoration England. He had great gifts and sordid vices. He was extremely rich and was held to be notably handsome. He was a courtier, a wit, a dramatist and a politician. The mob loved him and shouted for him, he was an influential member of the Cabal Ministry, and yet of proved treachery. He was brought up as a noble orphan in the Court of Charles I, was in exile during the Commonwealth, and rose to fresh heights in the reign of Charles II, only to die in loneliness and disgrace in a Yorkshire inn. With GREAT VILLIERS (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), Miss Hester Chapman has managed to make a single, credible figure out of a mass of contradictions, and has shown the change from the beautiful young cavalier to the drunken old man. It is a considerable feat, and Miss Chapman's book is to be recommended for its wealth of contemporary detail, and its most effective reproduction of the spirit of an age where such a rise and fall were possible.

Mr. Hugh Farmar some years ago found a cottage in a remote part of East Anglia that was exactly what he wanted. He came upon it almost by accident, but once he had seen it, there could only be one outcome, and the tiny little place, with its thatched roof and eighteenth-century "Gothick" windows, is now his home, for as often as he can manage to visit it from London. THE COTTAGE IN THE FOREST (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is a country book, and it is also a book of enchantment, whether its author is writing of the local craftsmen, the ironworkers, the thatchers, the workers in osier, the few furniture-makers; or whether he is writing of his garden, which is slowly growing nearer to the perfection of his plan; or of the birds and animals that abound in the near fields and woods. That distinguished photographer of birds, Mr. Eric Hosking, has contributed a brilliant series of photographs, which with some others, and some very decorative tail-pieces by Mr. Edward Bradbury, make this book as finely illustrated as it is expertly planned and written. You will learn a great deal about Mr. Farmar's corner of England from it; but you will also learn a lot about the nature of countrymen and their pursuits in any part of the land.

FISHING FANTASY (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.) is a salmon fisherman's notebook by one who is expert in this difficult, delicate and wearing sport. Mr. J. Hughes-Parry writes with all the authority of one who is among the best-known of fishermen, and who is particularly famous in that circle for his exploits on and in the Welsh waters.

Mr. Maurice Headlam describes himself as A HOLIDAY FISHERMAN (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), and his book of reminiscences contains almost as many anecdotes about people and places as about fish. Mr. Headlam was for some years Treasury Remembrancer and Deputy Paymaster for Ireland, and, although his position as a Civil Servant meant a scrupulous avoidance of politics, he was in a good position as an observer, and can report on the Easter rising of 1916, on the Curragh and on the Castle.

THE SKIRL OF THE PIPES, AND THE GIRL WHO LOVES DANCING: Miss Hermione Hudson, a Londoner, dancing a reel at the centenary ball of the Royal Caledonian Society in London. The majority of the men guests were in Highland dress for the occasion

With an urbanity of style that fits his subject, the writer has a pleasant humour, too, and his book is as entertaining as a friendly conversation with one who has travelled a great deal, and has learned a wise and witty tolerance.

It is a delight to find Miss Helen Ashton writing once more in the best of veins, another biographical novel of the same type as her charming and evocative *William and Dorothy*. Miss Ashton's new and worthy subject is Jane Austen, whose gracious, well-mannered life responds well to another novelist's art and, in spite of having few events in it of a startling character, makes absorbing reading. PARSON AUSTEN'S DAUGHTER (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is an admirable piece of work for the very reason that it is effective without being sensational, and has been written so scrupulously in the mood and atmosphere of its subject that it makes the immortal Jane even more real than one's own imagination had for years contrived.

Readers of Mr. John Lodwick's previous novels will not be surprised to find him, in JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), trying his hand at satirical fantasy. It is, of course, a formidable task for any author who sets out to court the wider popularity. Nevertheless Mr. Lodwick demonstrates that he has most of the equipment: a biting wit; a fund of invention; the ability to create living characters and the gift for being able to make a good yarn out of it all. The story of *Just a Song at Twilight* takes place on that familiar but uncharted South Sea island. The date is 1945; the inhabitants are 400 Melanesians, together with assorted Europeans. The story, of course, gives the author every opportunity to comment upon human nature in the raw.

THE BIG FISHERMAN (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Lloyd Douglas's sequel to *The Robe*, which in the past six years has had such a phenomenal success. That story began in A.D. 37 and was told in retrospect; the present story begins in A.D. 30 and naturally concerns many of the same characters but principally the fisherman who is Simon called Peter. It traces his extraordinary but human career, his call to be a disciple of Jesus, his journey with Him to Jerusalem, and His betrayal there, and then his emergence as a teacher of the Christian precepts, a teacher willing to die for the principles which Jesus had taught him and which Peter attempted to pass on to others. There is more in the book than this, and like its predecessor, the background is as important as the action.

Mr. George Orwell's new novel had an immensely depressing effect on me which, I suppose, is just the idea, for NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR (Secker and Warburg. 10s.) is an account of life in a totalitarian State of the future, a State which has established itself successfully, and in which there is only one rebel. This is Winston Smith, and he is alone in believing that the individual has some rights or that human feeling and values are worth preserving. He comes to the worst of ends, because he, too, capitulates in a gin-sodden haze to the party doctrines, and to the love of Big Brother, the dictator whose gigantic picture is pasted to every wall, with the forbidding legend that "Big Brother is watching you."

THE GENIUS OF FRANCIS PARKMAN

The Lately-discovered Notebooks Reveal the Great American Historian's Methods of Work

Francis Parkman, author of *The Oregon Trail*, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, and that marathon work, *France and England in the New World*, is widely regarded as the greatest American historian, at once accurate and judicially impartial, and at the same time revealing a gift for narrative on a par with Froude or Macaulay. It was therefore a literary event of the first importance when Mr. Mason Wade, biographer of Parkman, discovered in a Boston attic the historian's journals, which had lain there undisturbed for nearly fifty years. THE JOURNALS OF FRANCIS PARKMAN (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 2 Vols., 50s. per set) describe in vivid detail the hazardous wilderness journeys which gave Parkman first-hand knowledge of the scenes of his histories. The later notebooks are the workbooks of the historian rather than the diaries of an explorer, and they are of fascinating interest by reason of the picture they afford of Parkman's methods and sources. In 1848, when he was beginning *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, Parkman was stricken with nervous exhaustion, accompanied by such hypersensitiveness of the eyes that it was impossible to keep them open except in a dark room. Against these difficulties he struggled with courageous obstinacy. Books and documents were read aloud to him, while he made notes with eyes shut. These notes were afterwards deciphered and read aloud to him till he had mastered them. After half an hour his strength would give out, and in these circumstances his rate of composition for a long time averaged scarcely six lines a day. The superb historical monograph composed under such difficulties was published in 1851. In 1862, the journals tell, illness was banished for a period and his close and extended research gathered pace enough for the first volume of his *Pioneers of New France* to appear in 1864.

The most entertaining reading is the Oregon Trail Journal belonging to the year 1846, when Parkman, an ardent twenty-three, an adept in woodcraft, a crack shot with the rifle, and a superb horseman, set out to study the real wilderness in its gloom and vastness, to meet face to face the dusky Indian warriors of the Stone Age. His scornful comments on the puny New Yorkers he left behind as he turned to the west are revealing indeed: "The little, contemptible faces—the thin, weak, tottering figures—that one meets here on Broadway, are disgusting. One feels savage with human nature." In another entry Parkman refers testily to "that detestable, starched, lackadaisical expression common in vulgar Yankee women." Parkman loved the wide open spaces; to him the city and its people were anathema.

Most remarkable of all were journeys Parkman made in search of Pontiac material, to New York, to Philadelphia, to the old Alleghany frontier, along the Great Lakes to Detroit and Sault Ste. Marie. Everywhere he went the historian checked and rechecked his facts with missionary, trader and savage, building up a picture of the chief of the Ottawas, a great and daring champion, a man of destiny who bestrode the northern trails like a Napoleon and almost achieved a coalition of all the tribes against the whites.

André Gide's power, his crystal clarity of expression, his sense of poignancy and his intellectual subtlety are known to a host of readers in the English-speaking world, for he has had the good fortune to be brilliantly translated. The first volume of his memoirs, translated and annotated by Justin O'Brien, appeared in 1947, about the same time as Gide received the Nobel Prize for Literature. It revealed him as a young man sitting at the feet of Mallarmé, leader of the Symbolists. It covered the years 1889-1914. Now come the second two volumes of THE JOURNALS OF ANDRÉ GIDE (Secker and Warburg. 30s. each). Volume II, from 1914 to 1927, is marked by a deep spiritual self-probing, an increased interest in social problems, and intense literary activity. Gide's recorded conversations with Leon Blum and Walter Rathenau are of special interest. Volume III, which, like Volume I, breaks off abruptly upon the brink of war, covers the period 1928-1939, from Gide's fifty-ninth to his seventieth year, and here we find him pondering the problem of Communism versus Christianity, and sorting out his reactions to the prevalence of authoritarian Governments. It is all very stimulating, a record of no less variety than the Causeries de Lundi of Saint Beuve.

Liam O'Flaherty's FAMINE (Victor Gollancz. 10s.) was first published in 1937. It is a magnificent piece of writing, and the heroic figure of Mary Kilmartin is unforgettable. This new edition will be widely welcomed.

Fred H. Crossley's CHESHIRE (Robert Hale. 15s.) is the latest addition to the County Books, which now range far and wide. Mr. Crossley has known Cheshire for sixty years, having started life in the county as a farmer's boy.

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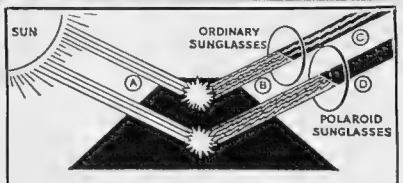

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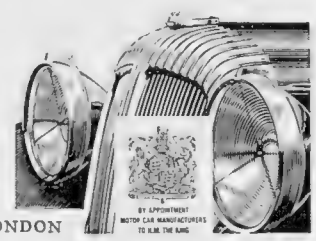

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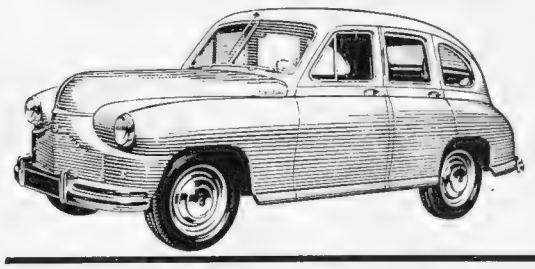

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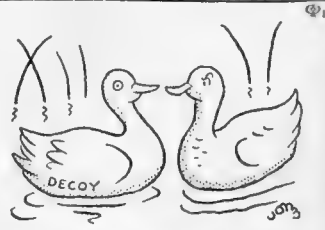

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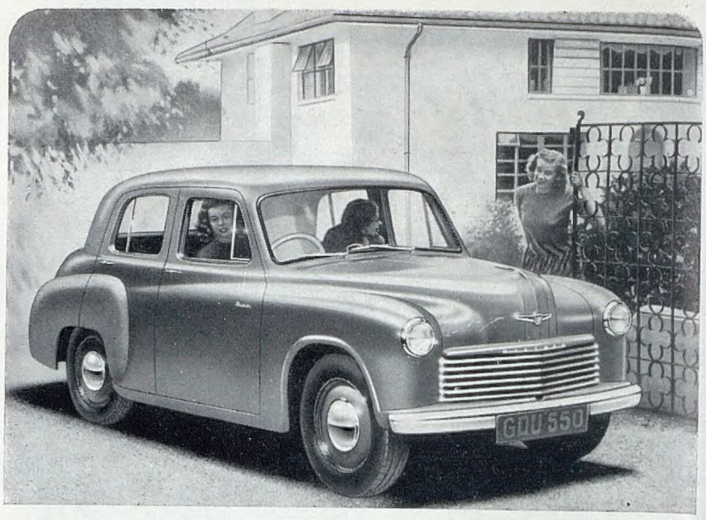

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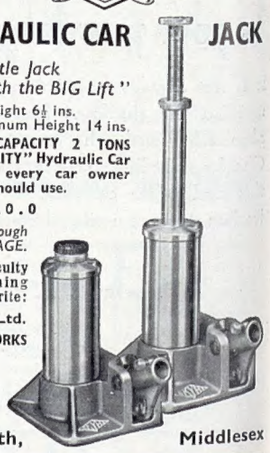

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